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RETROSPECTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

I sit within the light-house door,
And watch the summer storm come down;
And watch the waves upon the shore,
In white-lipped anger blown.

Three years ago, a woman, tall
And fair and passionate, within
The door's deep shadow sat,—to all
The night and storm akin.

The cheek against the dark old door,
The hands held tightly on the knee—
The large, out-looking eyes that wore
The changes of the sea;

So near she sat, I could have thrust
My hand upon her nervous hand—
This being that I could not trust,
And could not understand.

II.

Two years ago, a woman, tall
And fair and passionless, within
The chapel-yard was laid—to all
The dust and gloom akin.

Oh, heart, beat softly!—was she mourn'd?
And was it pain or pride that warr'd
Within you, as your owner turn'd
Back from that dismal yard?

I look upon the sky involved,
I sigh as in that season past:
"When will this mystery be solved,
And all be clear at last?"

VIOLET;

or,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.

Then, as the night was clear, though cold, he threw
His chamber door wide open—and went forth
Into a gallery of a sombre hue,
Long, furnished with old pictures of real worth,
Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,
As doubtless should be people of high birth.
But by dim lights the portraits of the dead
Have something ghastly, desolate and dread.

The forms of the grim knight and pictured saint
Look living in the room; and as you turn
Backward and forward to the echoes faint
Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,
As if to ask how you can dare to keep
A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.
—*Byron.*

Years of security and comparative repose gradually impressed upon the belief of Lord Kingswood a notion that retribution was a fable.

Vulgar acts of larceny, felony, higher crimes up to murder, were of course subjected to certain discovery, and the offenders almost unexceptionally to be tracked, captured, and punished by the law, and, as Lord Kingswood believed, very properly too. But there were social "errors"—he styled them weaknesses, slips, failures, foibles—any word that let down the deed easily, which neither called for, and in nearly all instances, never were, followed by retribution.

It was true it did sometimes occur that the foible in question entailed on its victim shame, misery, ruin, degradation, death—but those were rare and exceptional cases, and where they did happen, the result was attributable to the obstinacy and folly of the creature sacrificed, and not to the immolator, who was, no doubt, prepared to act "liberally."

Such were the opinions of Lord Kingswood, converted gradually, by time and experience, among his "set," into a doctrine. He now began to conceive his doctrine to be founded on a sandy foundation—his opinions to be of an illusory nature.

Since the arrival of Erle at Kingswood, one mishap seemed

"To tread upon another's heel,
So fast they followed."

The embarrassing event of the morning had been followed by a violent altercation at his table—at *his* table; and among those, too, whose friendship he desired to consolidate, and whose influence he hoped to obtain.

This most vexing and annoying occurrence had been followed by the frantic ravings of Philip Avon, who launched forth a wild of hatred, rage, and defiance against

ERLE'S MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

his mysterious young guest, and the whole had been crowned by the unaccountable disappearance of his son Cyril.

If this was not the commencement of the first act of retribution, he was at a loss to what account to place it.

The dinner-party was broken up in confusion, and already, with a vague suspicion that something was wrong, several of the guests, in conjunction with servants summoned and instructed by them, spread themselves over the grounds in search of the absent youth.

Then it transpired that one of the underservants remembered seeing Mr. Cyril making across the park, in the direction of the wood, at an hour approaching the first dinner-bell.

The gamekeeper was at once sought out. He knew something of Mr. Cyril's haunts in the wood, and could lead a party in search of the missing young gentleman.

The gamekeeper, when communicated with, shook his head in a solemn kind of way, so as to excite apprehension, and the distrust was not allayed when he called out his assistants and unchained the dogs, who were his companions when beating for poachers.

As soon as he had formed his party, they started, under his guidance, direct for the Chace, the hounds running on first, in a zigzag course, snuffing for scent.

The moon shone bright and placidly, and the party pushed on without meeting a living object or hearing a sound, save until they were far into the thickness of the Chace, then, abruptly one of the dogs paused, and commenced running round and round a small circle.

Suddenly he stopped and set up a prolonged, wild, mournful howl, which made the marrow of those in pursuit almost freeze. The other dog joined him, and gave the same terrible cry.

The gamekeeper's brow fell yet lower, and he ground his teeth together.

"They scents human blood," he muttered. And then he, in a yet lower tone, mumbled the name of Tubal Kish.

The dogs went on rapidly, when suddenly a bugle-note was heard in another direction. It was followed by the report of a gun, and then by a human voice calling loudly.

"That's Mr. Cyril's horn," cried the gamekeeper, excitedly; "I know the note. This way—this way," he added, changing the route. "We're on the track now."

And so they were.

Through the wood wound its serpentine course a stream, bubbling and plashing against the pebbles it laved in its rapid progress. On one part of the banks of this running water they emerged.

A short distance above them they beheld, in the cold moonlight, two figures, one bending over and supporting the other.

In an instant they rushed up to them, and found them to be Erle and Cyril Kingswood.

Cyril had been restored to consciousness, but was yet deadly faint and weak. He gazed wildly round him—first on Erle's face, then on those who thronged eagerly about him.

A dozen questions were pressed upon Erle, but in firm and somewhat stern tones, he bade the questioners reserve their inquiries for another occasion, and assist him in silence to lead or carry Cyril to the manor-house.

A litter was quickly cut and formed by the gamekeeper and his assistants, and the procession tramped back in silence to the hall.

On reaching it again, there were throngs of questioners, but Erle coldly [illegible] Lady Kingswood, who made her appearance with a perturbed air, did he communicate that he found her son senseless, under the attack of a ruffian, in the wood, and had been able to save him from further outrage.

She pressed his hand with an air of gratefulness, and accompanied her son to his chamber, followed by the principal doctor of the district, who, being rather a leading man in the neighborhood, had been invited to dinner, and was then fortunately in the house.

Subsequently, as he expected, Erle was summoned by Lord Kingswood to his library.

He found him pacing it in great agitation, haggard in face, and almost frenzied in manner.

As Erle entered the room, his lordship immediately turned the key in the door, and advancing to him, said, in a tone half smothered by acrimony and rage—

"What is the meaning of this horrible confusion—this distracting disorder—this maddening disarrangement of my household? Speak! explain!"

The imperious as well as wrathful manner of Lord Kingswood stung the pride of Erle severely. He at once checked all the generous impulses which would have urged him to be as explicit as it was in his power to be, and he became as haughty as his lordship, and as cold as he appeared excited.

"Your lordship must seek the cause elsewhere, not of me," he replied, calmly.

"Not of you—not of you!" almost shrieked the inflamed noble. "Until you darkened my tranquillity by your arrival, everything around me was peace and order, as I could wish it to be. In my household the utmost regularity prevailed. At my receptions the dignity of my position was unimpugned, and the satisfaction of my guests unmarred. You have been a resident in my mansion but a few days—I could count the hours upon my fingers—and its whole economy is utterly disordered. Your whole business, your entire occupation, since you have taken up your abode here, seems to have been to disorganize every arrangement which can produce harmony of action, and to place me in a false position of immeasurable inconvenience, perplexity, and annoyance. I ask you again, sir—what is the cause of this?"

"I have, my lord, simply to deny the fact," returned Erle, coldly.

Lord Kingswood was convulsed with rage.

"What—what!" he cried, hoarsely. "You make your appearance in this house uncalled for; a spirit of damnation could not so have appalled me as did your unexpected presence. You appear at my dinner-table an unbidden spectre. You make yourself the hero of a mad freak of circumstances that I may be stung to death by questions concerning you. You thrust yourself into collision with one whom I am anxious to receive with distinction, and occasion a most undignified scene at my table. My son is suddenly and unaccountably missing immediately subsequent to an interview with you, and he is discovered in the centre of the old Chace, injured, with you alone by his side. Do you deny this, boy? Can you add the audacity of falsehood to your other delinquencies?"

"My lord," returned Erle, still coldly, "that events such as you have described have happened, I do not question. I simply deny that it has been my occupation to occasion them. [illegible] question is unworthy of you, [illegible]"

"Unworthy!" cried Lord Kingswood, exasperated [illegible] remark, "unworthy of me—as Lord I [illegible]? This effrontery is beyond endurance. You shall not remain another hour beneath my roof."

He hurried to the bell, but before he could lay his hand upon it, he was arrested by the loud, authoritative voice of Erle, who exclaimed—

"Stay, my lord; reflect before it is too late. Remember, I came not hither designedly."

"No, no," cried his lordship, sharply, and interrogatively. "How, then?"

"My time had come!" responded Erle, with emphatic firmness.

Lord Kingswood staggered a step or two as he gazed in Erle's face, and then sunk into a seat, and bowed his face in his hands.

Lord Kingswood began to have something more than a glimmer now that there exists retribution for a social sin, and though deferred or long delayed, it cometh surely at last.

There was a silence for a short time.

Erle stood with his arms folded, and watched his lordship's extreme agitation with questioning wonder. Presently he said, in clear, though low tones—

"It is for you, my lord, to say *why* I am here. At your request I have forborne asking questions of vital importance to me; at your wish I have consented to remain in this palatial prison unnoticed, and, as far as possible, unseen. I am yet willing to obey you in all things which shall not trench upon my self-respect or my honor. But, as I have said, the time has come for my being here; so I warn you, my lord, that if you take any hasty step to fasten an indignity upon me—if I am not treated by your menials with an equal respect to that paid by them to the members of your family—the time will have come for me to extort—to wring from you, in the presence of Lady Kingswood, your son, the whole household, a truthful acknowledgment of those relations which make my presence here a duty on my part, and on yours an imperious necessity."

Lord Kingswood withdrew his hands from his haggard face, rose, and again paced the apartment with an agitated manner.

What could he do? He was fettered, bound hand and limb by that foible of his youth. Call upon him for an explanation of their true relation to each other before Lady Kingswood?—better bid him hang himself from one of the limbs of an ancient oak in the yet older Chace.

It was clear to him that Erle was master of the situation, and that, for the present, he must succumb. There was no help for him. He must wait upon Providence, and fall back upon the plan digested by himself and his valet Pharisee.

Erle still maintained his firm bearing, it was a gift of nature that he possessed; and although his position was a not unembarrassing one, he appeared quite collected. Again he voluntarily addressed his lordship.

"I owe to myself one explanation, my lord, and that is in reference to Mr. Cyril Kingswood."

Lord Kingswood paused abruptly in his agitated pacing.

"Mr. Cyril Kingswood, of his own will, uninfluenced by any word or intimation of mine, paid me a visit in the apartments your lordship has appropriated to my use. During that interview no word passed between us bearing reference to his future movements after he should quit me. He left, and your valet was the first person to [illegible] strange and a matter for foreboding. I confess, my lord, I was not without my misgivings; and, armed with a gun, I hurried to the Chace. After a time, I discovered him senseless. I bore him to the banks of the rivulet which runs through the Chace; and by the aid of its cool waters, restored him to animation. This is the only part I have played in an event which your lordship has unjustly accused me of having originated."

"For what purpose did Cyril visit the Chace, after having been a principal in the abominable adventure of this morning?" asked Lord Kingswood, abruptly.

"I do not know, my lord," replied Erle, promptly.

"But you—you had your misgivings—you hurried to the Chace, where, as no doubt you expected, you discovered him. What were those misgivings? What influenced you to proceed direct to the Chace?" rejoined Lord Kingswood, sharply.

"I decline to answer those questions," returned Erle, respectfully but firmly.

"Thus proving that you are connected with the event," subjoined Lord Kingswood, with a frowning, angry look.

"I repeat, only so far as I have acquainted you with, my lord," rejoined Erle, unheeding his wrathful aspect. "I had no other agency, direct or indirectly, in what has happened, and can afford you no other information than I have given you."

"With which, I suppose, I must, perforce, be contented," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, in sullen anger. After a moment's pause, he said—

"You have received a communication from Mr. Philip Avon. Your intimacy with him must be of the slightest possible kind, your acquaintance of the briefest, and it appears to have been of a singularly hostile description from what I gather. May I ask the nature of that communication?"

The face of Erle became suffused with a crimson flush. An explanation must bring Lady Maud's name in unpleasant connection with Philip's and his own; he resolved to perish rather than be the occasion of the pain such a circumstance would necessarily cause her.

"Your lordship," he said, this time a little emotion being perceptible in the tone of his voice, "is entitled, certainly, to put that question to me. But I have an equal right to decline to answer it. The contents of that communication are strictly private, and your lordship, no doubt, is possessed of principles too lofty to induce you to urge another to violate a confidence reposed in a firm belief that it will not be betrayed."

At first Lord Kingswood was puzzled. What confidence could Philip Avon seek to repose in one whom he had branded with the harshest epithets?

It flashed across his mind that the confidence might include a hostile meeting. Philip Avon was a dead shot. Philip Avon might effect his deliverance from the dreadful incubus which now pressed so awfully, possibly so fatally, upon him.

He resolved to pursue this question no further.

He abruptly dismissed Erle from his presence. Not, however, without urging upon him the necessity of keeping to his own apartments as much as possible, and when he went abroad to select the most sequestered and unfrequented parts of the forest for his ramblings.

Erle coldly assented, and hurried away, glad to be released.

Lord Kingswood had been in the habit of making arrangements, which were attended with perfectly satisfactory results. He had, since Erle's arrival, made others, which were not to prove so complaisant.

It is certain that no such thought as the probability of an attachment springing up between Erle and Lady Maud crossed his mind. If he designed to keep them apart, it was that he was influenced by the same motive which urged him to prevent the daily association of Erle with other members of the family. The Unexpected was a secret he would have kept hidden from the whole world—even from himself, if he could. He therefore would, indeed, have looked aghast if he had suddenly found that his arrangements for Erle's seclusion were such as to afford him and Lady Maud frequent opportunities of meeting alone and unobserved.

The events of the remarkable day, crowned by Cyril's return to Kingswood Hall wounded and in a state of semi-insensibility, put to the rout all the guests who were there assembled, some to partake of Lord Kingswood's hospitality for a period extending over some ten days or a fortnight, and the following day the mansion was as silent and gloomy as though the whole family had been thrown into mourning.

Cyril was confined to his bed, attended only by doctor and nurse, for he was delirious, and uttered incoherent ravings, which none could comprehend.

Lady Maud, too, still nervously excited by the fright she had undergone, did not [illegible] her appearance [illegible] over [illegible] of hysteria, kept close within her apartment, employed mostly in reading a few hurried lines written in pencil, and thrust into her hand by the Marquis of Chillingham, on parting with him the evening before.

Lord Kingswood buried himself in his study, a prey to anxieties. He sat the whole day through brooding over anticipations of a fearful kind, in conjuring up which he displayed a remarkable ingenuity; and Erle, as he had promised, studiously kept within his apartments.

Three or four days passed thus drearily and monotonously. Erle took his meals in his own room, and never went beyond the limits assigned to him, until he began to find his captivity insupportable.

Then he thought of the key of the outlet to the Chace, and resolved to avail himself of it.

This remembrance brought with it a recollection of that small Gothic key he had found in his former bedchamber, and which appeared to fit the lock of a closet door in the dreary old apartment in which, on his arrival, he had been installed.

Then naturally arose a craving to know what was behind that door; this craving, increased by cogitations, grew into a yearning.

Within the last day or two, in confirmation of what Pharisee had previously intimated to him, Erle had learned from other servants who attended upon him, that the apartments he had occupied at first were haunted. Especially communicative upon this subject was a smart, pretty girl, born and brought up on the estate. She was now Lady Maud's own maid, and she paid a visit to Erle as the bearer of a message of inquiry from Lady Maud respecting his health, a message which he received with a flutter of the heart.

The words of the message were formal; they expressed a regret that circumstances had unfortunately prevented the family meeting as usual, or Lady Maud would have personally made inquiries after his health, which she hoped had not suffered in consequence of his arduous and exhausting exertions to effect her safety. The terms were courteous, the act one of good breeding kindly exercised, but it imparted to him a strange, thrilling felicity. He put many questions to the girl respecting Lady Maud, which she answered with hasty brevity, because she had, needlessly, a rather larger share of curiosity than her sex is gifted with, and as she knew in common with the rest of the servants, that he had slept in the haunted wing, she wanted to know if he really had seen an actual, positive right-down horrifying ghost.

He quietly enjoyed the expansion of her eyes, and the unequivocal shudder which convulsed her frame, as, urged by her curiosity into a freedom of speech not warranted by her station, she put the question to him, and he listened patiently to her garrulous relation of awful sights and sounds said to be seen

and heard in that gloomy old quarter of the building. But he listened to her because she was Lady Maud's attendant, and because, unknowingly, she let fall observations which Erle fancied betrayed that Lady Maud had regarded him with interest even from the first hour of their meeting.

When the girl had gone, bearing his reply, the conversation he had just held seemed to spur on the wish to explore what lay hidden behind that quaint old black oaken door, until it became a fascination.

He was quite alive to the questionable character of the proceeding, but he had discovered the key in a mysterious manner, and there was about the place itself, his own connection with it, as well as his own singular condition—so much that was strange, extraordinary, and enigmatical, that he resolved to push his inquiries further.

He had an inward conviction that a revelation awaited him, and he burned to become master of it. He quieted all objections that presented themselves, and waited until the household should be plunged into slumber before he attempted to quit his apartments.

Scrupulously, before the hour of midnight, the whole of the domestics were in bed, and probably asleep. Erle sat for some time after the sonorous bell in the clock-tower chimed the hour of twelve, and when, at length, assured that no person in the building was even awake, he took up his lamp, and proceeded to leave his chamber.

With a light step he traversed the corridors and passages conducting him to the oldest portion of the building, and ultimately he found himself in the antique apartment which contained the door of black oak he was so desirous of opening.

He never for a moment doubted that the key he had discovered would fit its lock, and on trying it, he found that it did, but that from long disuse, much exertion was required to shoot back the bolt.

It at last slowly yielded to his pressure, and ultimately flew back with a loud click.

At the same moment the door rapidly opened. There was a rustling, moaning sound, as of a strong blast of wind, a damp, bitterly cold, humid atmosphere blew chilly on his face, and instantly extinguished his lamp, leaving him in utter darkness.

To go back all the way to his chamber to renew his light he felt would be injudicious, yet to attempt to explore a place, wholly strange to him, in grim darkness, appeared absurd. Still, to return thus unsatisfied would only render him yet more restlessly curious than before.

He resolved to go on with his self-imposed task.

He was aware, by the rush of long pent-up air, that the door concealed a narrow passage which communicated with some other portion of the ancient erection, and stimulated by the romantic character of the position in which he had placed himself, and his own innate love for the marvellous, he determined to prosecute a search which, if attempted in the day, might be forbidden.

A stouter heart than his [illegible] would not say [illegible] shrouded in impenetrable darkness, but he believed it to be his destiny to follow out the singular adventures presented to him, and he plunged boldly in, groping his way carefully, stepping with caution, in case he should meet with an abruptly descending staircase, and pausing only after pursuing a labyrinthine, narrow passage, because he was checked by a door.

He tried it; it was firm; and a feeling of vexation and disappointment stole over him. Was his research to end in this unsatisfactory manner?

With a despairing feeling, he passed his hand down to find the lock, and was rewarded by discovering it, and was yet further overjoyed to find that his key opened it.

As in the former case, the door flew back with sudden though noiseless violence. It revealed to him a large antique chamber, lighted through Gothic arched latticed windows by the moon.

His progress through a passage intensely dark, endowed his youthful eyes with a new strength, and everything within this ancient chamber appeared to him vividly distinct.

He stepped within and found himself in a somewhat spacious, antique library.

Numberless books appeared stacked within old black oaken cases; but though he approached them closely, he was unable, by the aid only of the cold blue light of the moonbeams, to decipher the titles on their backs. He could only perceive that they were large, quaint-looking old tomes, whose contents he longed to examine and pore over.

Suddenly the light of the moon was obscured by a passing cloud, and the room became so dark he could scarcely discern an object.

A low, wild moan caught his ear, and for an instant coagulated every drop of blood in his veins.

Then his memory and better sense told him the sound was but the sough of the wind predicating a coming storm.

With startling suddenness a burst of moonlight darted into the apartment, and fell upon a high, massive, antique chest, elaborately carved, and caused it to stand out before him in singularly bold relief. It was made of black oak, banded, and ornamented with steel studs.

He took a step toward it, and yet more instantaneously than before, the moonlight was withdrawn by a flying mass of cloud, and again a long, mournful moan rang through the room and thrilled all his nerves. It was the rising wind again; but it had a strange and ghastly sound, which for a moment subdued him, and he turned to find the outlet by which he entered.

He uttered a gasping cry of horror. At the further end of the apartment, yet not far from him, stood a female figure in white.

It bore the same form, and had the same features as that mysterious portrait in the old bed-chamber, known as that of the Lady Maud of olden times.

There was a mournful smile upon the features, and the figure stood with upraised hand, in a graceful attitude.

It seemed to beckon him; and in spite of his stilled heart, his chilled blood, his awe, his thrilling nerves, an irresistible fascination seemed to attract him, and compel him to advance.

He moved his almost paralysed limbs, intending to approach it, when once more it was snatched from his seeking, straining eyeballs, by utter darkness.

A howling blast of wind rushed fiercely past the building. The tempest had commenced; he turned and fled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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ROME.

We must confess to being a sharer of the general public opinion of the United States, in relation to the deplorable political and material condition of the people of Rome.—And yet the following opinion of our friend, Mr. Bayard Taylor, rather puzzles us. We take it from the *New York Tablet*, a Roman Catholic paper, where it is credited to the "distinguished American traveller and writer, Mr. Bayard Taylor," [illegible] paper says, with [illegible] Protestants cannot hesitate between the testimony of one of their own number, whose respectability and reliability are known to everybody, and that of *such renegades as Gavazzi, and the perjurer and assassin, Gallenga*, who writes the Roman correspondence of the London Times, from Paris or from Turin." Mr. Taylor says:—

I have read * * * in various papers, that the Papal States are the worst governed in Europe. I have read it often. The precise nature and extent of this despotism I am a little in the dark about. Our generous enlighteners, the editors, do not condescend to come down to the particulars. Still a plain man may be permitted to ask a few questions. In what does this despotism of the Papal Government consist?

Is it that clergymen hold office? For many years there has been a smaller proportion of clergymen holding office in the Roman States than in some of the States of this Union, and their salaries have been in a still smaller proportion to those of secular officers. Is it in the expense of the Government? It is one of the most economical in Europe.—The salaries of the higher officers of State do not exceed $3,000 a-year; and the whole civil list costs about $600,000.

Are the people ground down with taxes? The taxes in Rome are far less than in England, France, or New York. Are they deprived of the benefits of education? The Papal States, with a population of less than 3,000,000, have seven Universities, and the city of Rome has more free public schools than New York, in proportion to her population, and what is still better, a larger proportion of children attend them.

Perhaps the poor are uncared for and their sufferings treated with neglect? There are more and better free hospitals for the sick, the poor and aged, the suffering of every class, in Rome, in proportion to the population, than in any other city in the world. It is not asked in Rome what is a man's country or creed. Perhaps the bad government has reduced the people to pauperism? Holland, France, the other free and enlightened countries, have from three to ten times as much pauperism, in proportion to the population. Where, then, is the horrible despotism? The Government is an elective monarchy. It has a liberal constitution, light taxation, very little pauperism, an economical administration, a cheap or free education for all classes, and abundant institutions of charity for the needy and suffering. I venture to assert that the single city of New York pays more taxes, is more plundered by dishonest officials, supports more paupers, has more uneducated children, tolerates more vice and drunkenness, rowdyism, &c., and suffers from more crime, year by year, than the whole, nearly 3,000,000 of people, of the States of the Church.

It is curious how difficult a thing it is to arrive at a mere matter of fact. We were never at Rome, but we did suppose that if anything at all was true that is told us by foreign travellers and by foreigners themselves, the misgovernment of the people of Rome was that thing. But here comes along Mr. Taylor—in whose judgment we have no small degree of confidence—and we are all out at sea again. We wonder what Mr. Taylor thinks of Naples—and of Italy in general? Or, is it possible that the *Tablet* has made a mistake, and that Mr. Taylor never wrote what it credits to his impartial pen?

FAIR PLAY.

We have a good word to say for Tupper—Martin Farquhar Tupper! It is drawn from us by the following sonnet, which we clip from a recent English paper:—

WAIT.

How often to lie still is to be wise,—
How many times in Patience is a charm
That wins a gracious blessing from the skies
Richer than all on Labor's bustling farm
How often to do more is to do harm!
So, when thy seeds are wedded to the soil,
And thou hast well done duty, and the lot
Is cast into the lap, consider not
How next to make all speed by thought and toil,—
But rather wait; the power of faith is there,—
Faith that achieves all conquest, takes all spoil,—
Faith, the great reaper of the crop of prayer;
In faith be still; lest unbelieving care,
By overstriving, all good efforts foil.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Now we consider that sonnet decidedly meritorious—and we may go further and say, that we do not agree with those who so mercilessly ridicule Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." On the contrary, we think said "Proverbial Philosophy" a real, live book—one more worthy of being written, and of being read, than the majority of the works which issue from the press.

In fact, if Mr. Tupper, after writing "Proverbial Philosophy," had never penned another line, he would probably now occupy a very creditable position in English literature. But the popularity of that book seemed to upset him; and he, another "small, good Schnuspel," began to look upon himself as almost a second Solomon. And this conceit, too, was allowed to tincture his writings, until it made them fairly ridiculous, and critics began to smile as soon as they saw the name of Tupper to a new poem or sonnet. And thus even the "Proverbial Philosophy" came to be denied any real merit by a large number of literary men, and now it is almost as dangerous for one's reputation to defend Tupper as to attack Shakspeare.

Still, let justice be done—though the thunderbolts fall. Even Tupper has a right to demand justice. Mr. N. P. Willis did *not* make a gross and shameless blunder when he spoke a good word for "Proverbial Philosophy"—and a great many well educated and sensible people were not confessing themselves dolts in saying they admired what has been called by some "Solomon and water." Solomon will bear a good deal of water—and water is absolutely necessary for the proper digestion of food, whether material or intellectual. A man will die sooner without water than without food. Fair play then to Tupper!

THE CENSUS.

The official Census of this little village of Philadelphia, says that our population numbers 568,034, dwelling in 89,878 houses—not including stores, manufactories, &c. The increase in [illegible] 33⅓ per cent.

At the recent gubernatorial election, [illegible] polled nearly 88,000 votes. At the recent Presidential election, New York polled 96,000 votes—only about 10,000 more. In both cases probably as many votes were polled as could be polled—and yet New York claims 843,000 inhabitants to our 568,000; while, judging by the number of votes, we should say she only had about one-eighth more, or about 638,000. The difference may be partly owing however to her larger foreign and floating population.

As to the Philadelphia census, one family of our acquaintance, numbering twelve persons, say they were not enumerated at all—the census taker leaving his list to be filled up, but never calling to get it again, though it was duly prepared for him. To what extent such carelessness prevailed, we are unable to say. One thing is a little curious however, that, according to the census, there are more houses, compared with the number of people, in Philadelphia now, than there were ten years ago.

——Since writing the above we find that, of four heads of families in the printing office of THE POST, not one, to his knowledge, was called upon by the census takers!

PEOPLE'S LITERARY INSTITUTE.—This remarkably successful Institution announces its Eighth Course of Lectures for the ensuing year. Among the new names on its list, we see those of Hon. N. P. Banks, Rev. Bishop Simpson, D. D., and Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D. The lectures will be given at Concert Hall, Chestnut street, to commence on Thursday evening, Nov. 23, at a quarter before eight. Tickets for the course, $2. Gentleman and lady $3,25. Single lecture 25 cents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOME BALLADS AND POEMS. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

EDUCATION; INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Social Statics," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

WEBSTER AND HAYNE'S CELEBRATED SPEECHES in the U. S. Senate, on Mr. Foote's Resolution of January, 1830; also Webster's Speech on the Slavery Compromise in 1850. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE FAIRFIELD; embracing a few select poems by S. L. FAIRFIELD. Published by Bazin & Ellsworth, Boston; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Philadelphia.

CONSIDERATIONS ON SOME OF THE ELEMENTS AND CONDITIONS OF SOCIAL WELFARE AND HUMAN PROGRESS. By C. S. HENRY, D.D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

QUIET THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS. By the author of "Life's Morning," &c. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston; and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

THE TEXAS ALMANAC for 1861; with Statistics, Sketches, &c., relating to Texas. Published by Richardson & Co., Galveston, Texas.

LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA AS REPRESENTED IN THE FINE ARTS. By MRS. JAMESON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMAN. From the French of Ernest Legouve, of the *Academie Francaise*, author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," &c. Translated from the Fifth Paris edition by J. W. Palmer, M. D. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE GREAT PREPARATION; or Redemption Draweth Nigh. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D. First Series. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

ANALYSIS OF THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL. Published by Charles B. Norton, New York.

LITTLE BY LITTLE; or the Cruise of the Flyaway. Published by Picket, Mallory & Co., Cincinnati; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

MAY COVERLEY, The Young Dressmaker. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston; and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., Philada.

THE POEMS, SACRED, PASSIONATE and HUMOROUS of NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. Published by Clark, Austin, Maynard & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

POEMS by FRANCIS S. OSGOOD. Published by Clark, Austin, Maynard & Co., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS for 1861. Published by Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y.

DICKENS'S LITTLE FOLKS. Illustrated by Darley. Twelve volumes,—Selected from Dickens's Works, in his own Language:—"Little Nell," "Smike," "Child Wife," "Oliver Twist," "Florence Dombey," "Little Paul," &c., &c. Published by Clark, Austin, Maynard & Co., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

ELEVEN LITTLE VOLUMES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. Published by Fisher & Bro., Phila.

THE BIG NIGHT CAP LETTERS; AND NEW FAIRY STORIES. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE TRIO AT WARSAW.

When Victor first began to reign
Without the Tyrants' fears,
He much alarmed three mighty men;
And two of them were thieves:
The first he was a Russian;
The next he was a Prussian;
And the third he was a little Kaiser:
Three Despots altogether.

The Russian chafed with scorn;
The Prussian spun a yarn;
And the little Kaiser waxed red with wrath;
And all three Sovereigns swore.
[illegible]
The Prussian [illegible]
[illegible] Kaiser,
With his Charter under his arm.

—*London Punch.*

☞ He who has struck his colors to the power of an evil habit, has surrendered himself to an enemy, bound by no articles of faith, and from whom he can expect only the vilest treatment.

☞ "Eighty millions of fleas in the South!" said Mrs. Partington, as she read the amount of lives that Garibaldi had found at Naples; "they are worse than they are in the hotels this way, then, and a good many more of 'em!"

☞ In some of our Western rivers having rapid currents, a screw propeller has been fixed in the water, and employed in driving mills.

☞ When Lycurgus wished to reform and alter the state of Sparta, one advised that it should be reduced to an absolute popular equality. "Sir," said the lawgiver, "begin in your own house."

Passion, as it runs, grows purer,
Loses every tinge of clay,
As from morn till red and turbid,
Flows the white, transparent day;
So, in adapted forms of fairness,
The array of human life
Breaks their gentle course to gracile,
As the stones break sunset rills.

—*Alexander Smith.*

☞ A Western editor, in giving an account of a tornado, heads it as follows:—"Disgraceful thunder storm."

☞ A pickpocket, who had been *plucked* for his malpractices, accounted to his brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing that he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated *watering-place*.

☞ Mrs. Dowdy says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

☞ John Wilkes used to say that dissolute is an old man's dotage.

☞ VENERABLE DUKE.—A vegetable diet does not always produce a lamb-like disposition. At Kattywar, India, during the fast of Rotzana, the people, who are rigid vegetarians, found an old man with animal food in his house, and dragged him forth and thrust a red hot bar of iron down his throat.

☞ Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves.

☞ At every instant during life, a portion of our substance becomes dead, combines with some of the inhaled oxygen, and is removed. By this process it is supposed that the whole body is renewed every seven years.

☞ It seems a great misfortune that body and mind, like man and wife, do not always agree to die together. It is bad when the mind survives the body; worse still when the body survives the mind; and worst of all when both survive health and hope.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 26, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Two consecutive days of magnificent autumn weather have raised the drooping spirits of the Parisian to a wonderful degree.—The streets are crowded, and the beautiful avenue de l'Imperatrice—the highroad to the favorite Bois de Boulogne, into which look the windows of the room in which these lines are being written—is filled with a moving mass of gay equipages, carefully got-up cavaliers, and elegant promenaders. The delight with which all Paris opens its windows, and turns out of doors to sun itself, after a day or two's rain, is almost amusing; you may imagine, therefore, the eagerness with which the present splendid state of skies and pavements is welcomed by the people here, who have scarcely had a glimpse of the celestial luminary for a twelvemonth!—And the seeming return of fine weather is crowned, moreover, by the fact of the moon's being nearly full; so that the white roads that wind so gracefully through the green turf and yellowing foliage of the Bois, will be haunted far into the night by the army of visitors who lengthen the pleasure of the afternoon's drive, by dining at the innumerable *restaurants*, all mirrors, gilding and gas-lights, that have sprung up so rapidly along all the entrances to the Bois, and treating themselves to a second drive after dinner, before turning their faces towards their crowded quarters in the town.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSHROOMS.

It appears that the moon, among her other influences, is firmly believed, by all dealers in mushrooms, to exercise great power over the growth of that esculent. All mushroom-gardeners will tell you that it is at the full of the moon that these fungi show themselves; and that, as the moon "wastes" the crop declines; the popular belief on this subject expressing itself something after the following fashion:—

"When the moon is waxing round,
Mushrooms are in plenty found;
When the moon is on the wane,
Mushrooms will you seek in vain."

The Italians, by the way, eat a variety of fungi that are never supposed to be edible elsewhere. As you go through the market of any Italian town—and especially of those near the mountains—you are amazed to see the great piles of enormous brown and black specimens of this curious class of vegetable productions big enough not merely for fairy parasols, but almost large enough to be used in the capacity of an umbrella by mortals.—These queer-looking dainties are said to be excellent in flavor, and perfectly wholesome; but northern appetites seldom venture on ascertaining how far this praise may be merited. Just now the Paris *gourmets* are greatly distressed at the premature appearance of truf[illegible] markets here. This [illegible] only acquires a peculiar perfume [illegible] having been subjected to the decline of the early frosts, and ought, consequently, to be left in the ground until the winter has fairly set in. This year the fear of their being rotted by the constant rain has decided the possessors of truffle-grounds to dig up the precious tuber a month earlier than usual; and as the truffles possess, at this period of the year, no more of their unique savor than a potato, the whole crop is looked upon as having been virtually lost to gastronomy; a catastrophe which is calling forth a chorus of sorrowful lamentations.

TROUBLE AMONG THE BEES.

Most unfortunate is it that the Frost Spirits are no more amenable to human wishes than the rays of the sun; but persist in vexing the souls of hard-working mortals, by bestowing their favors just when and where they are not wanted. Thus, while the truffle-growers of Normandy would have been delighted by a few early frosts, the vine-dressers about Lyons and Marseilles, and in Savoy, are in despair at the injury done by frosts to their grapes, at a period of the year when one so much looks for frost, especially in the south of France, than for "snow in harvest." Such is the intensity of the cold in Savoy, that bears have been coming down in a starving condition, from the mountains, and completely devastating a number of vineyards, where ripest grapes they have devoured! The delicate taste of Brain, and his appreciating choice of the best and sweetest food within his reach, is well-known; as is also his partiality for honey. But on this latter delicacy, neither bipeds nor quadrupeds are likely to feast for some time to come, in this part of the world; it being now known that the bees are dying in almost every part of Europe. Some persons explain this fact by supposing the constant humidity to have produced an epidemic among the industrious little creatures in question; while others attribute this mortality—and probably with reason—to the insufficient ripening of the juices of the flowers, which form their food; and regard the disappearance of the winged workers as dear to poets and to political economists, as being due, literally, to starvation. Poor little Bees!

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THE POISONED RING.

A singular circumstance happened here last week, a gentleman, who was examining an old ring in a curiosity-shop, inadvertently gave his hand a slight scratch with it, and soon afterward becoming so ill that it was necessary to send for a physician. The latter declared the gentleman to be suffering from the effects of some violent mineral poison, administered energetic antidotes, and succeeded in saving his life. On examining the ring, the doctor declared it to be what is called by the Italians a "Death-ring," on the inner side of the ring is a pair of claws, very small, and very sharp, made of steel. These claws are filled with a subtle poison, which enters the skin at the punctures made by contact with the claws. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries abounded in the arts and crimes of poisoners; and these rings were enormously in vogue. The poisoner having only to press the hand of his victim ever so lightly, for the touch of these murderous claws, unfelt by the victim, to do their deadly work with unerring certainty. A very agreeable state of society it must have been, when poison lurked in the cup, at the board, in the perfume of a bouquet, in a pair of embroidered gloves! But though, in our day, this form of social crime is less common than it was then, it would be a great error to imagine that it had ceased from among us; the medical investigations that have followed several of the recent cases of murder by poisoning, having elicited, from eminent practitioners of the healing art, the appalling statement of a very heavy percentage of the deaths they witness being due, in their opinion, to repeated doses of poison, administered, sometimes for years together, by persons in the household-confidence of their victims.

A WILD GIRL.

Who has not heard of the mysterious sequestration of Caspar Hauser, brought up, for so long a portion of his life, in absolute solitude, the development of his intelligence restricted to the faculties of eating, drinking, and sleeping. A somewhat similar case occurred in this country a few years ago. A young girl being discovered, by chance—not shut up in a dungeon, like Caspar Hauser, but living a perfectly wild and savage life in the woods, among the mountains of the Drome, feeding on herbs, roots, and berries, herding with the wild animals of the region, her sole companions, sharing their haunts, sleeping with them in their holes, and apparently possessing no more mental power than they. When first found by some peasants of the region, she fled from them with the inarticulate terror of a wild animal; she was excessively fleet of foot, and was not captured without much effort on the part of her pursuers. She climbed trees like a squirrel, and bounded away from those who sought to catch her with the swiftness and agility of a deer. Captured at last, she was taken to Marseilles, where her presence excited universal curiosity and astonishment, and became the great event of the day. Happily for the poor girl, among the crowds who came to see her, was a noble Russian widow, the Countess de Bobrinskny, who happened to be passing through Marseilles at the time. So powerful was the interest excited in the Countess's mind by the sight of the utterly animal-like, unfriended creature, whom the peasants who had caught her had placed in one of the hospitals of the city, where she formed an object of curiosity to the townspeople, that she determined to adopt her, and do all that wealth and benevolence could accomplish towards educating the hapless child into the habits and knowledge of humanity.

The Countess having obtained the guardianship of the child, devoted herself with untiring patience, and inexhaustible gentleness, to the difficult task of awaking and training the dormant faculties of her charge; and so successful were her efforts, that the wild denizen of the woods and mountains gradually acquired the art of speech, and the use of all her dormant faculties. When the Countess had brought her adopted daughter up to this point of her development, she brought her to Paris, and placed her in the renowned educational establishment of the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart," whose palace-like convent, with its extensive gardens and grounds, occupies so conspicuous a position in the Boulevard des Invalides. There the education of the reclaimed savage has been carried on with the utmost care; from that establishment the Countess has just taken home her adopted child, who is now a tall, graceful young lady, remarkably handsome, thoroughly instructed in the usual "branches" of school-girl drill, a graceful dancer, an accomplished musician, and possessing what is even better than these "indispensable" accomplishments, great intelligence, and a most affectionate heart. Her gratitude to her adopted mother is unbounded; indeed the affection existing between them is almost more entire and devoted than that generally existing between mother and daughter. Of the birth and early history of the latter, not the slightest trace has ever been obtained; and as her mind, during the period of her savage life in the woods, seems to have been as devoid of the power of memory as of the other mental faculties, the young lady herself cannot recall any vestige of her childhood. Having no other clue, the Countess has united the [illegible] fortune on her adopted daughter, who will no doubt make, under the maternal auspices of the former, a brilliant marriage. So much for a little contemporaneous romance, quite as strange as the plots of a good many of the novels which are brought out every year for the benefit of circulating libraries, and possessing over them the advantage of being true. If "wild girls" are rarely found even in the mountains of France, civilized people, it appears, not unseldom get lost in the extensive subterranean galleries that underlie so large a portion of its capital.

LOST IN THE CATACOMBS.

A few days ago, as a gentleman was going down the Rue de Sourmes, near the Luxembourg, about two o'clock (after midnight), he was much astonished at hearing sounds of blows against something under the pavement. Stopping to listen, he again heard a knocking, and fancied he could also hear faint cries as of human voices in distress. Searching about as well as he could by the light of the street lamp, he presently espied an iron plate let into the pavement, just at the bottom of the step outside the door of one of the houses. Stooping down to this plate, he convinced himself that the knockings and cries came from beneath it. He then set off at full speed to the police station in the Rue de Fleurus, and stated what he had heard to the officer on duty there, who immediately accompanied him to the spot whence the noises seemed to proceed, taking with him a couple of his subs, a key, and a crow-bar.

"The plate you describe is at the mouth of

one of the openings into the catacombs," remarked the officer, as they hurried to the spot; "who on earth can be down there at this hour?"

Arrived at the scene of the mysterious sounds, the officer directed his men to open the plate, which they speedily did, disclosing to view a circular grating through which air is occasionally let into the galleries below. Stooping over the grating, he demanded

"Who is there? and what are you doing?"

"We are four poor devils who have lost our way in this horrible place!" answered a voice from below. "We had a job to attend to down here; and our candle went out. God be thanked that we have been able to make ourselves heard! We were beginning to lose our courage and our wits together, and to give ourselves up for dead!"

"But I can't get you out through this grating," rejoined the policeman. "There is no opening it; and if it were open, you could not climb up to it from where you stand."

"That is true," answered the same voice, "we only want a match and another candle. Give us these, and tell us where we are, and we shall soon make our way out."

"You are under the Rue de Fleurus, a very little way from the Luxembourg," replied the policeman. "Wait a few moments, and I will bring you what you want."

The gentleman who had been the first to hear the sounds below the pavement, happening to live close by, invited the policeman to go with him to his house, and take thence candles and matches for the poor fellows below. This was soon done, and the desired objects being let down to the men by a string, the subterranean wanderers declared that they knew their way perfectly well now, adding,

"We shall get out through the door in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. We will call in at your office as we come by, to show you that we are safe, and to thank you for your help, which has come just in time to save us from destruction!"

The plate was again closed and made tight as before, by the policemen, who then returned to the station, accompanied by the gentleman, who was anxious to learn the conclusion of the affair.

Shortly after they entered the guard-house, in the Rue de Fleurus, the four men, pale and haggard, presented themselves there, and related their adventures as follows:—M. Katery, one of the keepers of the catacombs, having occasion to change a lock of the door of the galleries, went on the previous afternoon to the spot, accompanied by a locksmith named Chabral, that man's apprentice, and a M. Ozanne, an architect's pupil. Incredible as it may seem, they took only one candle, which they did not even put into a lantern; and, still more extraordinary, did not carry with them any matches. No sooner had they reached the door of which the lock was to be changed, than a puff of air, consequent on opening it, blew out the candle. Under the guidance of Katery, they attempted to find their way out; but despite his minute knowledge of the road, they went astray, and spent hour after hour in going up one gallery and down another. In total darkness, they could find no clue by which to find their way to an outlet; and the farther they walked, the more desperate became their situation. At length, after twelve hours of incessant pacing up and down, they were completely exhausted by fatigue and terror. Suddenly Katery exclaimed, "Let us shout for help! Perhaps we may be heard." They did shout, and, as just related, were happily heard. Their good fortune was little short of miraculous, inasmuch as not only were they beneath a street, but though the time was the very dead of the night, a person happened to be near. Having told their tale, the poor men were, of course, warmly congratulated on their escape from a dreadful death; and they, on their part, expressed their hearty gratitude to the gentleman who had heard them, and to the officer who had removed the slab. The catacombs, as is well known, extend beneath a large part of Paris, and then run out to a considerable distance beyond its borders on both sides of the Faubourg St. Germain. In them are deposited the bones which were collected from the different cemeteries of Paris, on the suppression, at the Revolution, of the burial-places within its walls. These ghastly objects are piled up in such a way as to form galleries, or streets, which extend for miles, and beyond which are the yet more extensive street-like excavations of the vast free-stone quarries, which supply the greater part of the building materials of the metropolis. So many persons have perished in this dreadful region, dying of hunger and of terror, that the entrances to it are now kept shut, and it is almost impossible for any one, not connected with the care of the catacombs, to obtain permission to enter them. Even with guides, and every possible precaution, the region is considered as far too dangerous to be visited by any but those who are charged with the work of keeping its various galleries—corresponding to the streets of Paris—in repair.

ADVENTURE ON THE ANDES.

The last number of the *Revue Contemporaine* recounts another escape from an equally terrible danger, as told by M. Marcoy, in his narrative of his late visit to the Andes, and from which I abridge, for the behoof of those of your readers who like to be thrilled with the story of dangers happily escaped, the writer's account of his perilous ascension of the Urusayhua, in the neighborhood of Cuzco, in Peru.

At first sight; both sides of the mountain seemed alike, and utterly inaccessible; but, on closer scrutiny, we observed that, while the right presented an absolutely vertical plane, reddish lines on the left side presented something like the appearance of natural stairs. The side we therefore began to climb.—On the third day we reached that point of the Urusayhua which I had often examined from below, and where, vegetation ceasing, the bare rock began; but I now first discovered an apparently insurmountable obstacle in the expansion of the summit, not distinguishable from below, but giving it, from this point, the appearance of a mushroom. We had thus to cope with a wall not merely vertical, but actually expanding above our heads. For a moment we stood aghast; but I presently espied certain projections, just large enough for a man's foot, by bold strides from one to another of which, we might perhaps gain the other side of the mountain, whence a farther ascent might be practicable. The distance to be got over did not exceed thirty paces; but as this space was denuded of bushes or lianas by which to hold, a false step must have precipitated the climber into the valley where the torrent Huilcamayo was dashing along at the rate of ten miles an hour. Nevertheless I took off my shoes, fastened a rope round my body, giving the other end to Gaspard (the guide) to hold, and gradually reached the third projection. As I was trying to reach the fourth, the rope I was dragging after me caught on something. I turned my head to see what it was, and in so doing, my eyes took in the empty space below me! It was like a flash of lightning. A confused mass of verdure danced before me, with the Huilcamayo glittering in its mist like a thread of mercury. I closed my eyes, but the horrible vision seemed to have entered my brain, and I could not force it out. Then came a violent singing in my ears, an intolerable blast of heat rose from my entrails to my brain; my legs began to tremble, and my wrists to lose their strength as though under the influence of an electric pile; an unknown force, superior to my will, made me open my eyes, and look again at that river of liquid silver which seemed to writhe in the sunlight. Dizziness, the demon of the abyss, had seized on me, and was drawing me down. At this last moment, when thousands of red atoms were whirling before my eyes, I had just strength enough left to call "Gaspard! help!" The brave fellow had seen the look I had involuntarily cast into the abyss, and guessing what might occur, had, imprudently for him, but happily for me, the daring to follow me. As my hands, convulsively closed, were about to loose their hold, he caught me by the nape of the neck, calling on me to take courage. I regained my self-possession, succeeded in retracing my steps; and, feeling the ground once more beneath my feet, swooned away. Strange to say, instead of going back, after so horrible a foretaste of the dangers of mountain-climbing, the traveller and his guide made another attempt, and at length reached the top of the peak, which they found to consist of a space of not more than three hundred yards square, scooped out in the middle as if it had once been the bed of a lake. The only proof of the existence of the latter at some remote period was the peat formed of entwined branches of trees, whose enormous trunks lay scattered about in every stage of decay. And yet, even in this desolate spot, many lovely flowers were growing;—two kinds of heath, the gentian, marsh cistus, purple barberry, an actinophyllum, some lysipomias, woodsorrel, and thin, blackish reeds.

"How did those flowers get there, separated from the region of vegetation below by a mile or two of bare, perpendicular rock?" is a question that might well occur to the adventurous climber who came so suddenly on this isolated sky-garden.

"How *did* the fish get into the lake?" was the involuntary exclamation of one of the party, whose adventures among the Alps have been recently chronicled in this place, on being informed by our charioteer of the excellence and abundance of the trout in the little lonely tarn which is passed at the very summit of the St. Gothard.

"As for that matter, where did the fishes down below come from?" responded another of our party, "for it is quite as difficult to account for the *first fish* in the rivers below us as for the presence of fish up here under the sky!"

So closely are we pressed upon by familiar mysteries, only not always perceived as such because they *are* "familiar." And so impossible is it to account for the commonest phenomena of Nature without recurrence to the unseen, intelligent Working, whose action, though we cannot explain or define it, we are compelled to assume, as Divine Necessity, by the very structure of things and the very nature of thought! QUARTER.

☞ Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

☞ It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort, which, by daily use, has lost its sense; yet, on the ear of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall like sweetest music.

☞ A gentleman recently telegraphed to his wife in Portland to read the 12th verse of the 2d Epistle of John. She replied by requesting him to read the 14th verse of the 3d Epistle of John.

☞ One of the missionaries in Burmah, speaking of the cholera, says: "A new treatment of this disease has come in vogue—inoculation. An incision is made on the breast or back of the patient, and an extract of quassia is inserted. It seldom fails of effecting a cure."

☞ Since the late additions made to the city of Paris, it covers a space of 78,020,000 yards. Of these, 51,000 consist of gardens, or of waste ground laid out for building. By the census taken in the year 1855, the population is set down at 1,174,346 souls. At present it is calculated that in consequence of the limits being extended to the fortifications, the population of Paris amounts to 1,800,000.

☞ A fashionable portrait painter, whose name it would not be fair to his many rivals to mention, when asked what are his terms, invariably answers, "I have no scale of prices. In fact, I generally leave it open to the liberality of my patrons. I have but one rule to guide me in taking pictures; and that, to be candid, is, 'Handsome is who handsome does.'"

☞ An illustrious personage recently wrote the following in the album of a lady of rank:—"There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman; one when she wonders who she will have, the other when she wonders who will have her."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE BEST WRITERS,

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The Markets and Bank Note List,
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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS—
HOW OLD REED WAS CONVERTED.

The New York correspondent of a Western paper tells the following story for the benefit of some hard cases:—

He says he once knew a man by the name of Reed, commonly known as "Old Reed." Reed was quite notorious in his way, and his religious belief was that after death he should reappear in the form of an animal; and thought he would be a *horse*. Now "Old Reed" was a hard man, and was not in the habit of treating his family as a religious man should. One day, after his wife had suffered his abuse as long as humanity could endure, she concluded to give him a brief talking to—to touch him upon his religious belief. So, resolutely seating herself by his side, and looking him full in the face, while a tear-drop glistened in her eye—for she was serious, and thought perhaps he was correct in his faith—she commenced: "Reed, I wish to have a serious talk with you; I have something to say to you, and you *must hear it*. I have a duty to perform, and I shall do it, and then, if you are miserable hereafter, it will not be my fault. You believe, Reed, that when you die you will turn into some animal, and you think you will be a horse. Now, if you keep on your present course, and continue to neglect and abuse your family, squandering your money for drink, and at the gaming-table, when you die you will turn into some old *twelve-shilling* horse, and some dirty clam peddler will get you, and you will be hard worked and half starved, and I shall see you every day before a rickety old wagon filled with clams. Such will be your eternity! But now, Reed, it needn't be so; your future *may* be a bright, a happy one. If you will reform and turn right about and become a better man—be kind and affectionate to your family, and treat them as a Christian should, why, when you die, you will turn into a *five hundred dollar horse*, and some West End buck will get hold of you, and give you a bushel of oats a day, rub you down with pea straw, and *have you docked and your tail set up!*" He says "Old Reed" was straightway converted—was reformed—and is patiently waiting for death to introduce him to his coveted *horse-heaven*—where are only "shell-roads" and "two-forty" nags with "docked" tails.

TREATMENT OF BURNS AND SCALDS.—Dr. Franchino effects a rapid healing of wounds from burns and scalds, by the employment of water distilled from the cherry-laurel. This water possesses the advantage of almost entirely suppressing the pain and inflammation, and of soothing the nerves of the sufferer. The water is mixed in the proportion of eight per cent. of gum-water; the bandages are moistened with the mixture, and applied to the wounds, which are previously pricked, to let out the water of the blister. When the bandage requires to be renewed, it must be moistened by another previously immersed in water.

☞ Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and repining, are all idle and profitless employments.

☞ QUEER QUERIES.—In what car did the man ride who was "driven frantic?" What length of a line is requisite to take the soundings of a *functionary who is beneath contempt?* When a man revolves much in his mind, does it make him feel dizzy? If all things are for the best, where do the rations of the second best come from? What is the exact width of a broad grin?

☞ An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his ould mother an orphan.

☞ There is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it; nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it.

☞ The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

☞ There would not be so much harm in the giddy always following the fashions if the wise were always to set them.

☞ PUNNING ON THE SEASON.—A comic poet thus bewails the loss of summer. Such levity on so serious a subject is quite shocking:—

"The sum of summer is cast at last,
And carried to wintry season,
And the frightened leaves are leaving us fast,
If they stayed it would be high trees-on.
The sheep exposed to rain and drift,
Are left to all sorts of *wethers*,
And the ragged young birds *must make a shift*,
Until they can get new feathers."

☞ An Irishman who had lain sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place:—

"Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?"

"Och! no, your reverence, it was the meetin' of 'tother chap I was afeard uv," replied Pat.

☞ The immortal bard of Avon once said, speaking of men:—"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." These three estates have lately been in our midst. Prince Albert Edward was born great; Mons. Blondin has achieved greatness; while Barnum's fat boy has had greatness thrust upon him.

☞ Happiness and sorrow are the measures of our mortal life; we willingly record the moments of gladness, and sorrow's hours make their own impress.

☞ A homely illustration by a colored preacher in Philadelphia struck us as being both good and characteristic: "My bred'ren, de liberal man wat gib away his propaty aint gwine to Hebben for dat, no more dan some of you wicked sinners. Charity aint no good without righteousness. It is like beefsteak widout gravy. Dat is to say, no good, no how."

☞ A Scotchman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him, that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandie, you take a long time to breakfast!" "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

☞ All men look to happiness in the future. To every eye Heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

In several respects our table of last week must be corrected. New Jersey has elected 4 Republican and 3 Douglas Electors—the Bell and Breckinridge Electors on the Fusion ticket being defeated. Virginia and Missouri are now said to have gone for Bell, by a small majority. We correct, therefore, as follows:

LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.

Maine,	8	Brought up,	49
New Hampshire,	5	New York,	35
Vermont,	5	New Jersey,	4
Massachusetts,	13	Pennsylvania,	27
Connecticut,	6	Ohio,	23
Rhode Island,	4	Illinois,	11
Iowa,	4	Indiana,	13
Minnesota,	4	Wisconsin,	5
		Michigan,	6
	49	Total,	173

BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.

Delaware,	3	Brought up,	42
Maryland,	8	Mississippi,	7
North Carolina,	10	Alabama,	9
South Carolina,	8	Louisiana,	6
Florida,	3	Arkansas,	4
Georgia,	10	Texas,	4
	42	Total,	72

BELL AND EVERETT.

Kentucky,	12
Tennessee,	12
Virginia,	15
Missouri,	9
Total,	48

DOUGLAS AND JOHNSON.

New Jersey,	3

California and Oregon, not yet heard from, 7.

VIRGINIA.—Returns from 147 counties give Bell a majority of 178. The remaining counties gave Goggin (Amer.) for Governor, in 1858, a majority of 76.

GEORGIA.—Sixty-seven counties give Breckinridge 30,000; Bell 29,500; Douglas 9,000.—There being no majority over all, there is a failure to elect. The Legislature will choose Breckinridge electors.

MARYLAND.—Breckinridge's plurality is about 700.

KENTUCKY.—Returns from eighty counties give Bell 51,200; Breckinridge 34,284; Douglas 22,961.

IOWA.—Lincoln's majority is about 17,000.

ILLINOIS.—In seventy-two counties—Lincoln 134,001; Douglas 117,554; Breckinridge 1,904; Bell 2,765.

KANSAS.—The Territorial election shows a large majority for the Republicans.

NEW YORK.—Republican majority about 50,000.

NEW JERSEY.—The three Douglas men on the Fusion Ticket are elected by 3,000 to 4,000 majority. The rest of the Fusion ticket is defeated by from 100 to 1,500 votes.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Lincoln's majority over all others is 62,578.

ALABAMA.—Breckinridge's majority is said to be 11,000.

TEXAS.—Breckinridge's majority is said to be 4,000.

OHIO.—In 79 counties the Republican majority is 44,561.

INDIANA.—Eighty-three counties give Lincoln 107,031; Douglas 84,531; Breckinridge 11,235; Bell 5,003. Lincoln's plurality 22,500; majority over all, about 5,000.

DELAWARE.—The vote (official) is as follows:—Breckinridge 7,337; Bell 3,864; Lincoln 3,815; Douglas 1,023.

MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET.—A telegraphic despatch from Springfield, Ill., says that in regard to the newspapers which are framing Cabinets, with more or less ingenuity, Mr. Lincoln remarks that "if the responsibility rested with them, as it does with him, they would be much less speedy with their selections and announcements."

The only acknowledgment that Mr. Lincoln gives to these various inventions, is to say: "They might have chosen worse names—and, as he says this of all, it is not regarded as very significant."

AN INCIDENT IN A THEATRE.—An evening or two since, a little event occurred at Niblo's Theatre, which will long be remembered by all who were present. Pending the appearance of the members of the orchestra, who were for some reason behind time, a plainly-dressed man in the third tier commenced whistling the peculiarly plaintive melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," with a sweetness and grace quite bewitching. By degrees the accustomed hum of voices in the parquet and boxes ceased, and all eyes were turned upward in the vain endeavor to trace whence came the mysterious and thrilling strains. The audience seemed entranced with the strange warbling notes and trills of the whistler, and perfect quiet reigned throughout the house. Some of the actors peered from behind the curtain, and even the musicians crept silently into the orchestra. With the most intricate variations, the whistler filled the air, when a storm of applause broke from the audience, which almost shook the house to the centre. Again were the shrill and peculiar notes of the whistler heard, and again was the house reduced to breathless silence. The strange music ceasing a second time, the orchestra struck up an operatic air, but their music was fairly drowned by the storm of applause. One of the ushers finally traced out the whistler, and churlishly turned him out of the house.

☞ A diamond is a diamond, though you put it on the finger of a beggar—only that on the finger of a beggar, nobody would believe it to be a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the "precious jewel in its head" for sale, and yet, because the holder is a mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men have died with jewels in their brains, and, not until the men were dead, were the gems owned to be true water.

☞ A sensible "down East" female is decidedly opposed to the interference of women with politics. She pointedly asks:—"If men can't do the voting and take care of the country, what is the use of them?"

☞ The Arab's tent is small, but he has sunrise for his front door.

☞ The men who work in the cotton mills at Lawrence, Mass., average $1,12½ cts. per day, and the women sixty-seven cts. per day.

☞ The best blunder we have heard of for a long time was committed very recently in Richmond, by a negro servant, who had been sent by his mistress to borrow Blackwood's Magazine from a neighbor. He delivered his message as follows: "Missis compliments, and says, will you please send her the July number of the *black bombazine*."

☞ The last Thursday (29th) of November will be the common Thanksgiving Day this year. It has already been officially named in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BRILLIANT VICTORY OF VICTOR EMMANUEL—COTTON AND BREADSTUFFS LOWER, &C.

The Vanderbilt arrived at New York on the 18th, with Liverpool dates to the 7th.

The Piedmontese troops, under Victor Emmanuel, gained a brilliant victory on the 3d inst., in the Zarigliano. They attacked in front with the troops, flanked by the fleet, and dispersed the Bourbon troops. The tents, wagons and stores were left in Victor Emmanuel's possession, with 11,000 prisoners. Gen. Somnaz pursued the enemy afterwards, and occupied Niola and the possessions surrounding Gaeta.

The Royalists have fallen back upon Gaeta. Throughout their march they were much embarrassed by the fire of the Sardinian fleet.

A large body of troops remaining outside the forts at Gaeta, have sent proposals of surrender to the Piedmontese.

Victor Emmanuel was expected to arrive at Naples immediately. Gen. Garibaldi remained at Naples.

The voting on the annexation has commenced at Perugia, and the inhabitants of Viterbo are hastening to vote, notwithstanding the French occupation and the presence of the Pontifical Gend'armes.

The latest despatches from Shanghae say, that it is reported that the negotiations for peace are not going on smoothly at Tientsin.

The corn crop in Italy is deficient.

In London the demand for money is full, but there was no pressure. There is some doubt whether the Bank will raise the rate of interest.

A dispatch from Hong Kong, September 17, reports teas as unchanged. Silks have declined.

Illinois Central and Erie Railroad shares have rallied in the London market.

The Times says:—Paragraphs have lately made the round of the press in this country and abroad, on the subject of a supposed engagement between the Princess Alice and Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt. We believe that these announcements are at least premature.

Queen Christina of Spain has embarked at Marseilles for Civita Vecchia, on her way to Rome.

LIVERPOOL, NOV. 7.—There has been a decline of 1/16d in Cotton, but the market closed steady at Friday's quotations.

The Manchester advices are favorable, the market closing steady for goods.

Breadstuffs are dull. Messrs. Richardson & Spence quote Flour dull. Prices easier, but quotations unchanged. Wheat quiet at 1d.@3d. decline. Corn quiet at 3d. decline. Sugar steady. Rice firm. Coffee quiet. Spirits Turpentine steady at 34s. 6d.@35s. Rosin dull at 5s. 4d.@ 5s. 5d. on the spot, and at 5s. 2d. to arrive.

NEWS ITEMS.

A SPECTACLED AND FEMININE LOTHARIO—CLERGYMEN, LOOK OUT.—A singular card appears in the Brockport, Illinois, Advertiser. Rev. A. S. Finch warns the clergy against a woman, who, small in stature, and wearing spectacles, met him at a camp meeting in Rockport, and cajoled him into matrimony. Afterwards he ascertained that he was the third victim of her wiles. One of his predecessors lived at Belleville (C. W.), and the other resided in Wisconsin. The latter she left in a destitute condition, with three children to provide for.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.—A gentleman in St. Louis furnishes the Democrat of that city with a memorandum of the expenses of a journey from Cincinnati to New York, in August, 1827. The time occupied was 11 days—now it is 32 hours. The cost of the trip foots up $57,25.

THE receipts of wheat at Chicago, show an excess of 6,140,000 bushels over that of last year; which, at a moderate estimate, gives to the West $7,000,000 more on account of its wheat crop than was received in 1856.—The amount of corn received, is stated at 14,935,891 bushels, against 4,793,815 for 1859.

AT the late vote on annexation in Naples, a woman who, from her heroism, has become famous, La Sangiovannara, claimed the right to vote, and voted. She is the leader of a large district in the city of Naples, and fought at Capua. Having borne arms, she was adjudge to have gained the right of suffrage.

THE Executive Committee of the New York "Democratic Vigilant Association" have written a letter to Gerrit Smith, withdrawing their charge against him (made about a year ago,) that he was connected with the Harper's Ferry affair, and inclosing him $3,000 in settlement of the suit for libel commenced by Mr. Smith against them. The letter is signed by Watts Sherman, Samuel L. M. Barlow, and Royal Phelps.

COL. LEWIS W. WASHINGTON, of Jefferson county, Virginia, was united in marriage, on Tuesday, the 6th of November, at Clover Lea, Hanover county, to Ella M., daughter of George W. Bassett, Esq. In this marriage a singular coincidence occurs—the groom being the great grandson of two brothers of General Washington, and the bride the great granddaughter of the only sister of Gen. Washington, and also great grand-daughter of the sister of Mrs. Gen. Washington.

RAPID TRANSMISSION OF NEWS.—On Monday morning, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, at Washington, D. C., received a telegraphic dispatch from Portland, Oregon, via Sacramento, California, dated Nov. 1st, thus reaching Washington within 12 days. This is an unprecedented achievement.

A NUMBER of bricks, of a bright red color, longer and wider than those in present use, and bearing evidences of having been carefully pressed and burnt, were discovered in an ancient brick-kiln recently exhumed by some workmen near Memphis. Those relics of an ancient race have been buried for untold years; the earth around showing no signs of ever having been disturbed.

ONLY A DOLLAR.—A one dollar bill on a Decatur, Illinois, bank, has lately come up, bearing this inscription: "This one dollar bill is all I received for marrying Mary Sommers and John Bradford, after riding five miles in the snow and storm, and paying $3 for a horse. Samuel R. Jones, Clergyman." Perhaps, after all, Jones had the best of the bargain.

☞ Why are washerwomen in the suds like Adam and Eve in Paradise? Because they are so-apy.

☞ A man excused himself for marrying by saying that his friends said he drank too much for a single man.

☞ The use of the arch in building is traced to Thebes, where one was discovered that bore an inscription, written 1540 years B. C., or 450 years before Solomon's Temple was built.

☞ Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying:—"The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

☞ A man is, as a general rule, compensated for a small brain by a big tongue.

☞ Very few practise charity; but almost everybody seems to think he can afford to give it a good word.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

ASTROLOGY AND FORTUNE-TELLING

To lift the veil of the future which has been mercifully placed before us, has been, and still is, the morbid desire of a large number of individuals; and to pander to this ill-regulated desire by canning tricks and ridiculous pretensions, has been, and still is, the practice of astrologers, seers, fortune-tellers, &c., &c.

Astrology rests on the absurd assumption that man's destiny is written in the stars, and that by calculation we may discover all the good and evil fortune which awaits us through life. The vanity and folly of the theory are self-evident. Science teaches us that the stars are worlds, some of them much larger than our own; that of these star-worlds there are thousands, perhaps millions, in the heavens; and we are asked by the astrologers to believe that these worlds—suns, stars, and systems—have been created to show us whether we shall be happy or miserable, prosperous or unfortunate, during that brief period which is allotted to human life!

The astrologer distributes the stars into various places, regulated by the signs of the zodiac, and pretends to ascertain by their position at the exact hour and minute of human birth, what will be the fate of the poor mortal born into the world. He makes a mysterious-looking draught, or, as he says, "casts the nativity," showing us the result, and calls upon us to be silly enough to believe that we may take this as a prophetic history of our future life. The various parts of the heavens occupied by the signs of the zodiac the astrologer calls houses; thus we have the houses of life, riches, brethren, parents, children, health, marriage, death, religion, dignities, friends, and enemies. The astrologers are not agreed exactly as to the proper mode of arranging these "houses;" and it is not worth while to inquire here into any of their little differences. All that is necessary to notice is the fact that the position of the planets in these various houses is supposed to show what will happen to anybody born at any particular moment. Bearing this in mind, we can easily detect the absurdity of the delusion.

It happens not unfrequently that two, three or a dozen or more people are born exactly at the same moment. Now, according to astrology, the very same things ought to happen to each one of them, and as this does not take place, the folly of the whole thing is evident.

Notwithstanding this very simple test, astrology has in former ages exercised—and does exercise still to a certain limited extent—immense influence over the minds of the credulous, and its professors have been consulted by kings and princes as well as by their poor illiterate subjects.

Catherine de Medicis of France was particularly attached to this occult science, and consulted Nostradamus, her magician in ordinary, on all important questions.

Nostradamus also exercised his art in producing pretended supernatural appearances by the judicious application of certain philosophical principles. A few days before the death of Henry II. of France, Nostradamus permitted his royal mistress to behold in a mirror Henry of Navarre seated on the throne of France, and gained much credit and some risk by the catastrophe which followed—namely, the death of the reigning king. In this instance, of course, Nostradamus was not supposed to act as a necromancer, but as a wizard, who, by magical spells, could produce in the consecrated mirror the image of whomsoever he would—to exhibit shadows of coming events. What he showed to Catherine de Medicis was an apparition of the living, not an apparition of the dead. The method he adopted was exceedingly simple. Availing himself of the laws of optics with regard to the angle of incidence and reflection, he first of all prepared his crowned king in an adjoining room, carefully attending to the "make up;" next, he arranged two looking-glasses at a convenient angle, so that the image received through a concealed aperture in the wall in the one, was reflected on the other, and was thus presented to the eyes of the credulous observer.

The common saying, that "two of a trade never agree," might be illustrated by the history of the astrologers. Many a time have they fallen out among themselves as to what should come hereafter, and have so mocked and abused the credulity of mankind, that all ages have by experience detected the falsehood of their pretences. For example, Nostradamus, with his magical glass, was supposed to predict the death of Henry II.; but Cardan and Gauricus, two lights of astrology, foretold for their royal master a happy old age. Henry, as we all know, perished at a tournament, in the flower of his youth.

A few instances of the false predictions of astrologers, magicians, &c., may be here appropriately introduced.

Zica, of Arabia, was promised by his seers long life to persecute the Christians, and died the very year of the prediction.

Albumazar, the oracle of astrology, left in writing that he found the Christian religion, according to the influence of the stars, should last but one thousand four hundred years; he has been belied four hundred years already!

In 1524 the astrologers foretold the destruction of the world by water, in consequence of the great conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the zodiacal sign Pisces. The world survived the prediction!

It was foretold of a constable of France that he should cross the Alps, and die before a besieged city in the eighty-third year of his age, or if he survived the sign, should live to above a hundred. He did not cross the Alps, and died in his bed aged eighty-four! Without referring to more of these absurd predictions, which have established their own falsehood and the folly of their propounders, we may mention the case of that astrologer who foretold in a sudden manner the death of his princely employer. "Dispose, sir," said he, "of your affairs with what speed you may, for it is impossible that you should live long in this world." "Why so?" said the prince. "Because," replied the other, "the stars, whose sight and position on your birth-day I have well observed, threaten you, and that not obscurely, with death." "Well," said the prince, "you who believe in these birth-day stars, how long are you to live through the bounty of the fates?" The astrologer answered that he had many years before him; whereupon the prince ordered him to instant execution, and triumphed over both predictions, by hanging the astrologer and living to a good old age!

The astrologers were, of course, usually careful to predict what was likely.

When, however, the subject of the prediction was far off, the astrologer might safely give the reins to his fancy, and indulge in any speculations he thought proper. Thus, in 1203, a monk predicted that an earthquake should swallow up London in 1842. Dr. Dee followed in the same strain, and declared that this dreadful catastrophe would take place—which, of course, did not happen.

Another plan of the astrologers was to speak in obscure language, which would admit of almost any interpretation.

Lilly averred that a prophecy in Greek character foretold all the disasters of the Cromwellian civil war, and ended by a prediction of the Restoration, couched in these singular terms: "And after him shall come a dead man, and with him a royal C of the best blood in the world, and he shall have the crown, and set England on the right way." The meaning of which was declared to be the restoration of Charles II., thus:—"Monkery being extinguished, and the Lord-General's name being Monk, is the dead man. The royal C (the gamma of the Greek answering to the C of the Roman alphabet) is Charles II., who, from his extraction, may be said to be of the best blood in the world." If such interpretations as this were to be admitted, any sort of jargon might be made to foretell any imaginable events. Why might not the astrological prediction mean that after all the troubles of civil war, and the termination of the Stuart dynasty in the person of Queen Anne, the dead man, that is to say, the apparently dead branch of the royal family in Hanover, should come, and with it a royal G (George I., of course), who came of the best blood in the world! Surely one interpretation would be as good as the other.

We have been threatened in our own days with earthquakes that have never happened; with fiery destructions which have not taken place; and with events, "looming in the future," which never gratified their prophets by assuming a tangible form. At the front of a widely-circulated almanac we have, every year, the history of the next twelve months, in crude outline and gaudy coloring, hieroglyphic pictures, capable, like ancient oracles, of almost any interpretation. Human nature appears to retain its credulity with immense tenacity; and the diviner, with commendable caution, to adopt a style of prophecy capable of any interpretation.

When Cresus sent to Delphos to know if his empire and government should be durable or not, the answer he received was, that he was secure until a mule should reign over the Medes. After he was overcome, he sent to Delphos to upbraid the oracle for deceiving him; but Apollo sent him word that by the mule he meant Cyrus, because he was born of parents of two different nations!

In this style of adaptation Apollo is humbly imitated by the writers of hieroglyphic history, and the predicters by horoscope or cards of future events, and yet these, nevertheless, find dupes by tens of thousands.

Various are the methods by which modern tellers profess to read the future. We have some instances in which weird women have beguiled poor servant girls into a belief that their best clothes for holidays and Sundays must be entrusted to the sybil's keeping, ostensibly to be the subject of an incantation at twelve o'clock at night, but really as the deluded wench finds out in time—to be pledged at the pawnbroker's, or sold at a wardrobe shop. There are other fortune-tellers who carefully avoid direct theft, but who, in taking current coin to read the future—the crossing of their hands with a piece of silver—are unquestionably obtaining money under false pretences. They pretend to tell their dupe's fortune by the lines on the palm of the hand, but can any person, after a moment's reflection, believe the thing possible? Cards are also another very common mode of telling fortunes, and these bits of pasteboard—these specimens of block printing—are represented as being the medium employed for the revelation of the future! In solemn silence the cards are to be shuffled (shuffling in fortune-telling being a most important proceeding); then to be dealt into three packets; then arranged, face uppermost, in certain rows, after which the reading begins, and we are told something like this—that a dark man (the king of spades) is in love with—that is to say, he has several good hearts towards her—a fair woman (the queen of diamonds); close to them is the wedding ring (ace of diamonds) and here is the house (the ace of hearts), and here (several diamonds coming together) a little bit of property! The absurdity of all this is transparent, but it is a humiliating fact that amid the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, such absurdities should be credited, as we know they are. It is not for us to read the future—either by the stars in the heavens, or by the figure on a playing-card—and happy for us is it that such is the case. Were it possible, how many lives would be embittered by the shadow of approaching sorrow! and how much interest in present duty would be lost by knowing the fixed result of failure or success! The popular delusions on this subject have been and still are extravagant in their character; they have associated the extraordinary phenomena of Nature with the common-place facts of a brief human life, have pointed to imaginary signs in the heavens above and the earth beneath, as prognostics of some new-born child's future destiny.—What shall we say of these omens? What, but the reply of Hotspur to the doubtful folly of Glendower:—

GLENDOWER: At my birth the frame and huge foundation of the earth shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR: Why, so it would have done if your mother's cat had kittened, though yourself had ne'er been born.

MARY DE MEDICIS AND NOSTRADAMUS.

THE ORPHAN.

[Among the poems in manuscript left by the late Charles G. Eastman, we find one with the title of "The Orphan," which we print below. From the freshness of the ink in which it is written, the inference is that it was one of the last—perhaps the very last—of his poetical productions. It is as sweet in conception as it is graceful in diction.—*Vermont Patriot.*]

We loved her as our own, poor child,
And through the weary years
We nursed her life with constant care,
And kissed her silent tears.
She strove to seem contented while
We cheered her through the day,
But when alone at night, poor child,
She wept her life away.

We strove by every art, poor child,
By every tender art,
And every gentle means to win
Her sorrow from her heart.
But still she drooped beneath our care,
And sadder grew each day,
Her cheek was always wet, poor child,
She wept her life away.

Still while she wept and strove, poor child,
To pay our love with smiles,
And hide her sorrow from our hearts
With sweet and playful wiles,
Her lip grew whiter, and her cheek
Grew paler day by day,
And struggling with her grief, poor child,
She wept her life away.

She died when summer came, poor child,
The child we could not save,
And hardly mourning that she slept,
We laid her in the grave.
She never could forget the day
Her sainted mother died;
They could not live apart, poor child,
They slumber side by side.

☞ DAINTY CRIMINAL.—A criminal at Oporto, about to be hanged, would not quit the ladder before some liquor was given to him. A cup of wine being brought, before drinking it he blew off the froth. Being asked why he did so, he replied, "Brother, because new wine is bad for the liver."

☞ A paragraph is going the rounds about the heir to a title being a workman at Woolwich. It appears that another eccentric heir to a peerage has been, and may be still, working as a common carpenter, receiving his daily wages, in a little village in Surrey, not far from Surbiton.—*English Paper.*

THE OLD STORY.

BY JENNY M. PARKER.

It was the old, old story
I told to Rosalie!
It was the sweet old answer
She whispered back to me;
And then the old, old picture,
You might have seen, I wis—
Her tremor, blushes, smiles, and tears—
Her yielding to my kiss.

It was the old, old story—
The bridal and the flowers;
And now the sweet old sequel—
Long years of happy hours.
And yet, and yet, I often think,
Despite what others says,
I am *by far* the happiest man
That has seen his wedding-day.

CAN THE DEAD WIN AT CARDS.

A very curious law case came recently before a German court, arising from the following circumstances:—

A gentleman sat at a faro table in the town of Koethen, in Saxony; playing with the usual attention and silence. Several plays were made, and the cards which the gentleman continued unchangedly to put forward, won repeatedly. The gold pushed toward the winner by the croupier, however, [illegible] drawn by him, and after several more accumulations had made the pile inconveniently large, the keeper of the bank rather angrily requested the fortunate man to take in his money. With his eye fixed on his card, the player took no notice of the request.

"Draw in your gold!" was again uttered by several around the table.

No answer.

"Monsieur! you incommode the other players!" said the croupier.

The same motionless silence.

A person sitting next the offender took hold of his hand. It was stone cold. The winner was dead.

As the body was being removed, the croupier drew back the money he had shoved towards the dead player, alleging that the game based upon reciprocal engagements, could not exist between the dead and living. The heirs of the defunct presented themselves the day after, declaring that the winner had regularly commenced and continued the game. The question was carried before the tribunal of Koethen, and will probably depend upon the evidence as to the point of time when the player ceased to live.

VENTILATION OF ROOMS.—I have for many year lived during seven months of the year in a house composed of a great number of small rooms, lighted with gas. With only a few friends falling in of an evening, the temperature was found very uncomfortable. I set about to find a means to remedy the defect, and employed the following:—Over the lustre of three or more burners, and even a single burner, I inserted in the ceiling a cast iron ornamental, and very open rosette; and in the thickness of the joists, a sort of hopper, in zinc, with a pipe of the same leading therefrom into a flue, or, if below stairs, carried through into a passage and up to the roof, and I have found it peculiarly efficacious. Smoking a cigar in the room, even at a distance from the centre, the direction of the smoke towards the light and the upward current is very observable. It is an easy and not expensive alteration to make to any room. I had a room (a bed-room) at the back, to which I was forced (by the dust and dirt of the neighborhood) to place double windows. The renewal of the air by opening these was very difficult; but, by means of a pipe under the floor, in the thickness of the joists, fresh air was brought in from the street, as you would bring in hot air from a calorifere, with a sort of throttle valve to close when not wanted. It answered remarkably well.

☞ A man asked another, whom he was about to help to chicken, whether he wished the leg or the wings. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the other. "And infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork, and resuming his own dinner.

☞ The man who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

THE IDIOT BOY.

BY LIEUT. COLONEL ADDISON.

The Leicestershire man, who has never visited the sister isle, has little idea of Irish sport. A hunter worth £800 at Melton would be dear in Ireland at £50; that is, as far as his field qualities in that country go. Instead of hedges, ditches and fences, we have earth banks, small rivers, and stone walls to encounter and overcome; and as the first of them (which, by-the-bye, are miscalled *ditches*) are often some eight or ten feet high, it is absolutely necessary that the nag which bears you should be trained to jump on the top and off again; or slide down on the other side—by no means an uncommon occurrence—as the exigency of the moment may require. Mounted on a thoroughly well-trained horse, and possessing some knowledge of the country, I cannot help awarding the sporting prize to Ireland. There is a joviality and sociality at cover side unknown on this side of the water. There is a cheering shout and a reckless pursuit, when the game is running, unequalled in our hunting fields. It is true that every now and then you are joined and accompanied by a ragged, barefooted Paddy, who yells as he runs along beside your horse, keeping full pace with you, and only pausing while he stands still to see you take your "*lape*." In no place does Irish hospitality shine more brilliantly than in the hunting field. Should a check occur, should a pause arise during the meridian hours of the day, the sportsmen gather together, and at once ride up uninvited to the best mansion in the neighborhood, where with joy they are received and welcomed. An impromptu luncheon is instantly served, and a plentiful supply of "red round," washed down by every imaginable drinkable, is offered to the "*hungry hunters.*" The highly-spiced meat, the no less exciting liquor, comes pleasantly before the sportsman; and, in half-an-hour he again starts,—like Antæus, refreshed from sleep—stronger and more energetic than ever.

Some years ago, I remember that we had chopped one fox in cover—a second we had lost, after a run of twenty minutes, and vainly endeavored to find a third; our hounds were scattering about, a blight had come over the scent, we drew in blank our best cover; all without success. It was now past one o'clock, and there seemed no chance of immediate sport. So we at once drew off the hounds, and rode on to Ballymurphy, the seat of Mr. T———; where, as we expected, we found a right good luncheon laid out,—to attack which we did not fail. We "*drew*" the corks, and the claret quickly "*broke cover.*"

T——— was one of those fine old Irish gentlemen, who appear to have dwindled away ever since the visit of Father Matthew and the Encumbered Estates Bill—two visitations that have destroyed the wit of the lower orders, and much retrenched the *substantial hospitality of the upper classes.* It is not more unnatural to put a pig in a warm bath night and morning, than to call upon a *real* Irishman to drink little and to owe less.

T——— kept open house; like the ancient tournaments, it was "free to all comers."—There were always a hogshead of claret and a puncheon of whiskey on the run; beef, mutton, and bread (as T——— expressed it), were grown on the estate. There were about a dozen servants, who not only divided, but occasionally alternated, the household duties among them; besides these, there was the old nurse, the blind piper, and the Idiot Boy—three characters ever attached to the old Irish mansions. It is hinted that there were also a *fortune-teller* and a *banshee* on the establishment—but this was only whispered.

I had given my horse to the Idiot Boy, to lead round to the stables; for the lad, though soft and silly, perfectly understood what he was about. He could run messages, convey letters; and, by doing odd jobs now and then, assisted to support a poor mother, who perfectly adored him. To this boy, then, I gave my nag, and cheerfully sat down to enjoy my luncheon.

As is usual on such occasions, much chaffing, much boasting took place; and, in some way or other, the young lady of the house was induced to enter into a sporting discussion, in which she of course got the worst; but, determined to be quits, she, on the first opportunity, slily left the room, and carried out her project. The argument had been the great powers of her sporting adversary, who declared that he was beyond the power of being deceived, which assertion the young lady thought she would put to the proof.

Miss T——— proceeded to the entrance of the kitchen, and called Micky, the Idiot Boy, out, who joyfully obeyed her summons. She now hurriedly directed him to take a soldier (a red herring,) and having fastened it to a string, to drag it on after him at full trail—over ditch, dyke, and wall—for two miles, in the direction of Roby McArthur's farm. Arrived, however, at that house, he was carefully to hide away; for, if found by the infuriated hunter—thus misled by a "*drag*"—he would surely receive severe castigation. Micky assured his young mistress that he had done the same once before, and would do it right well, if they only gave him twenty minutes' start. These matters were arranged. The young lady, whose absence had not been noticed, rejoined her father's guests. Her health is drunk in a bumper.

Luncheon concluded, our horses are brought round; we mount, and, with a warm farewell, again we ride towards the cover. We are lightly talking over our late hospitable reception, when, suddenly, the whimper of a favorite hound is heard; the sound increases; a general cry and we dash forward. The scent lies strong, and away we go; now, Tom Murphy's celebrated horse strikes a stone wall; Tom is thrown; every one is sorry for him; but, dead or alive, we have no time to stop and assist him. Now a high ditch rises before us; only half the hounds climb over it; I reach the summit, and dash off on the other side. In doing so, I jump over a man and horse, who lie sprawling at the foot; it is Jem Trollope, who is trying an English hunter in the county of Limerick. But, never mind, we dash onward; we arrive at a farm house; the hounds jump over the wall, with eager yell, and rush into a pig-stye, where Reynard has doubtless sought refuge. But, stay—what piercing cry is that? Another, and another! Surely those screams are human? "Whip off the hounds! Body and soul! Whip 'em off! Don't you hear it is a human scream?" cries the master of the hounds.

In a moment we are all out of our saddles, when an agonizing shout is heard in the opposite direction, and a woman, in apparent frenzy, dashes through us, and leaps into the stye. "Allanah! Allanah! It's Micky—my boy Micky!" The hounds draw forth an object. But no! It is too horrible to dwell upon; it is too horrible to describe. Suffice it to say, the wretched parent's fears were too fearfully verified. The poor Idiot Boy, having completed his task, had crept into the stye, dragging in with him the red herring, on which he had begun to feast, as the pack, led by the strong scent, dashed in on their prey. The mangled remains, still palpitating, were those of poor Micky. In his anger, the Squire killed one of his very best hounds, whose jaws still reeked with human blood. Insensibility sheltered the poor mother for a moment, who never lifted up her head again—was never known to smile. The hounds were sent off to Galway; and for a long time no attempt was made to hunt the county.

The circumstances are so indelibly engraved on my memory, that I verily believe, if I found any one "running a drag," I'd then and there sacrifice him to the manes of the poor Idiot Boy.

GARIBALDI.

No crown to encumber the conqueror's head,
No sceptre to palsy his hand;
Though fitting it is that awhile he should tread
Supreme in the beautiful land.

The honors of empire! What are they to him?
No glory or grace can they bring;
The splendor of stars in the sunlight grows dim,
The hero eclipses the King!

Swift-footed, strong-hearted, but tender of soul,
God-fearing, God-strengthened, God-sent;
Ere-truth such as his turn aside from its goal,
Shall earth to her centre be rent!

The blessings of nations ascend with their prayers,
And sweeten his wealth of renown;
The patriot—the hero—the Christian. Who cares
To cumber his brow with a crown?

Oh, more than triumphant—kind, simple, sublime,
Unmoved by detraction or hate;
Unwarped by a weakness, unstained by a crime,
Unconquered by fortune or fate!

Why start thus our tears? 'Tis for gladness they spring,
True hearts have flung tyranny down;
Thank God for the chieftain, thank God for the King,
But hide not *his* head with a crown.

THETA.

THE LAST THEORY AS TO LIGHT.

Scientific readers are aware that the undulatory theory of light, though pretty generally accepted, is nevertheless on its trial, and liable to modification, as new facts are discovered. The question is one of first-rate importance, in a scientific point of view, and rarely admits of popular illustration; but in a paper read before the Manchester Philosophical Society, by Mr. J. Smith, we find an account of a few interesting experiments, which may be repeated without the use of recondite appliances, and which appeal in a striking manner to the eye. Mr. Smith holds that the vibrations of the luminous ether are not such as science teaches, and that we may dispense with the notion that rays are of different refrangibility. He assumes that white light is the motion of an ether, while blackness is the state of no motion, and shows that certain colors—blue, red, or yellow—are producible by the alternate action of light and shadow—taking shadow to signify blackness. Cause a parallelogram of white card-board to revolve over a black surface with the same rapidity as the vibrations of light, and the color will appear blue or purple, according to circumstances. A disc painted with black concentric rings, on a white ground, becomes completely colored when swiftly whirled; the black and white disappear, and on a bright cloudy day the disc shows a light yellowish green, two different shades of purple, and a pink. Vary the shape of the discs, and the proportions of white and black and all the colors of the rainbow may be obtained.—Similar effects may be produced in shadow cast on a wall, or by rotating a black disc, in which openings are cut of a definite form, in front of a white cloud or screen.

EXCESSIVE MODESTY.—A young lady recently stepped into a fancy dry goods store and called for a pair of stockings, addressing herself to a nice little specimen of imperial spot, and moustached lip, that stood behind the counter:

"Haven't any article of that name, miss, but we have beautiful *hose* of silk and Lucca's hair—which do you prefer? and what color do you admire?"

"Young gentleman," she replied, "I called for a pair of *stockings!* I mean what I say, and if this shocks your modesty, you will excuse me. I know a tow-headed fellow over the way who will sell me a pair of stockings;" and with this remark she left the young embodiment of starch, hair and ramrods to recover at his leisure from the shock given to his modesty by this *vulgar* young lady.

☞ Women who sue for breach of promise may fail to get money, but they generally receive heavy damages.

DISTINGUISHED LADIES.

[Some fifteen years ago, the editor of Graham's Magazine honored his five principal female contributors by having their portraits engraved. A writer in the Mount Auburn Memorial brings to light the following stanzas, elicited by that remarkable work of art, which have never been published. The personage thus rendered illustrious, were Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Sedgewick, Mrs. Embury and Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.—*Boston Transcript.*]

Distinguished? in what line, my friend,
Good Mr. Graham, pray?
We never saw such folks before
In all our pilgrim way.

Distinguished? not in Cupid's court,
We venture to declare;
He'd speed on frightened wings away
If they made entrance there.

With squint, and leer, and twisted spine,
They're so exceeding plain,
You'd scarcely find their equals, sir,
From Oregon to Maine.

Distinguished, do you say, for mind?
Those dames with staring eyes?
Well, Nature shows a tendency
Her gifts to equalize,—

And if internal wealth she lent,
As you are pleased to say,
Most surely took with prudent hand
All outward charms away;—

For even Dobson's boasted art
But makes the reading world
Implore you'd draw the curtain close
His frontispiece unfurled,—

And bid the eagle drop the beads,
That now his beak sustains,
Distinguished more for ugliness
Than large amount of brains.

Hartford, Conn. L. H. S.

RICHES.

Some men are born rich. This is a great blessing—an incalculable advantage. Many moralists will scowl at this, and many will regard it as a statement which needs explanation. "There was Squire Lauren's boys who had ten thousand pounds a piece; they never did a stroke of work; and when they came into possession, just made fools of themselves, and spent all their money in a tenth part of the time it took the old Squire to earn it." Yes, but these boys were not *rich!*

"Well, Jim Sumpter is worth nearly a million, and always was. He'll not run through it, you may depend! He is as tight as possible. He wears his clothes longer than if he was a beggar. He is as mean at his table, and stingy in his victuals as if his mouth were a contribution box. Much good money does him!" Yes. But, he is not *rich!*

"Well. There is Charley Fox and his brother Tom. They will have the whole estate when the old man dies. Pretty clever boys. Don't drink, nor gamble, nor dissipate. Don't do anything. Don't know what to do with themselves." Well, then, they are not *rich.*

Any number of such instances may be gathered. And if there were no other riches except real estate, stocks, and bonds, gold and silver, it would be very bold, indeed, for one to affirm that it is fortunate to be born rich.

But many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in the pocket, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head piece, is *rich.* Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands.

It is better than a landed estate to have had the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men, as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develope good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with.

That man is rich who has a *good disposition*—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is often a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow—a desponding and complaining fellow—a timid, care-burdened man—these are all born deformed, on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do.

THE ANCESTORS OF WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN OLD NEIGHBORS.—We take the following extract from the Life of Washington by Edward Everett:—

"It may be mentioned as a somewhat striking fact, and one, I believe, not hitherto adverted to, that the families of Washington and Franklin—the former the great leader of the American Revolution, the latter not second to any of his patriotic associates—were established for several generations in the same central county of Northampton, and within a few miles of each other; the Washingtons, at Brington and Sulgrave, belonging to the landed gentry of the country, and in the civil war supporting the royal side; the Franklins, at the village of Ecton, living on the produce of a farm of thirty acres, and the earnings of their trade as blacksmiths, and espousing—some of them, at least, and the father and uncle of Benjamin among the number—the principles of non-conformists. Their respective emigrations, germs of great events in history, took place—that of John Washington, the great-grandfather of George, in 1657, to loyal Virginia; that of Josiah Franklin, the father of Benjamin, about the year 1685, to the metropolis of Puritan New England."

☞ To be deprived of the person we love is happiness in comparison of living with one we hate.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXX.

SQUIRE LESTER'S ASTONISHMENT.—TIFFLE IN A FAINTING FIT.

Squire Lester was seated in his study, in a very cross and disturbed mood. Various things were giving him trouble. In the first place, the discharge of Lydney from custody, and the positive refusal of Inspector Young to retake him, was an offence that worked up his blood to bubbling heat; in the second, an interview he had just held with his daughter, increased it to boiling point; and in the third, the uneasiness and vexation he endured on the score of his son, sent it flowing over. He *could not* deaden all natural feeling for Wilfred, though he had striven to do so lately; he began to fear that something must be wrong on his own side; and to doubt whether Lady Adelaide's constant incentives to the persecution of Wilfred were altogether the precise line of conduct he ought to have fallen in with. Of his wife's expedition to the Sailor's Rest the previous evening, under the convoy of Mr. Apperly, he knew nothing; Lord Dane having demanded a promise from her that she should for the present be silent as to his return. His anger against Maria arose from this: he had sent for her to his study that morning, and told her to hold herself in readiness to espouse Lord Dane; and Maria, calling up her whole stock of courage, had told him that she could not.

"You would prefer to marry that villain, Lydney!" spoke Mr. Lester, in his wrath.

Maria bent her head, crimsoning painfully. All that she reiterated was, that she could not marry Lord Dane.

Mr. Lester was obliged to wait for his rage to subside sufficiently to speak.

"Look you here, Maria. I will give you the day to consider of it. If you do not tell me to-night that you are ready to accept Lord Dane, you must leave my house. You can take up your abode with Wilfred: I will not suffer you under my roof any more than I did him. Had I followed the advice of Lady Adelaide, you would have gone to them months ago. Disobedient, disgraceful children!"

"Oh, papa!" she said, the tears streaming from her eyes, "have a little compassion for us both! Give some aid to Wilfred, save him from utter ruin, and do not force me upon Lord Dane!"

Your answer to-night, Miss Lester," was all the rejoinder he vouchsafed to give.

Maria escaped: Mr. Lester sat on, fuming and fretting, when he was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Blair, that gentleman having made his way to the Hall immediately after his interview with Herbert Dane.

"Good morning, Mr. Lester. I am disturbing you early, but business must be my excuse. I have had a telegraphic dispatch this morning from town, from Scotland Yard. The Lord Lieutenant wrote to Sir Richard Mayne, last afternoon, regarding this housebreaking affair of yours, and Sir Richard has communicated the fact to me. A fine invention, this electric telegraph! I look upon it as one of the greatest connected with science! He would receive Lord Dane's letter at eight, and I got his message at half-past."

"May I inquire what was the object or the nature of Sir Richard Mayne's communication to you?" inquired Mr. Lester, who felt most considerably astonished.

"None whatever: except to inform me of the appeal having been made to him by the Lord Lieutenant. You appear surprised, Mr. Lester: you have, I believe, looked upon me as my Lord Dane's banker, but I must assure you I am nothing half so important in a commercial point of view. I am a detective officer; one of the chief."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Lester.

"I came down here to watch the doings in Danesheld. A communication reached me that an attempt was to be made to break into Dane Castle, and I laid my plans accordingly. Would you believe, Mr. Lester, that on Sunday night the castle was protected by policemen, waiting for the robbers?"

"No!"

"But we were on the wrong scent. I, with all my penetration and experience, was misled. While we were cunningly guarding the castle, the Hall was entered: and that, not the castle, was the object from the first. Now, by stating particulars to you so far, you will readily give me credit for being in possession of the whole, and I must inform you that it was upon my authority William Lydney was discharged from custody—which induced the Lord Lieutenant's haughty appeal to Sir Richard Mayne."

"But what could possess you to discharge him?" sharply asked Mr. Lester. "The man is as great a villain as ever walked. Have you done it to screen him from the consequences of his guilt?"

"Hardly," responded Mr. Blair: "my office is to bring to punishment, not to screen. I discharged him because he was *not* guilty. Listen, Mr. Lester. In the attack made on your house, there was a ringleader, one who planned it, and on whom, in my opinion, nearly the whole guilt rests. The fellows he induced, by promises, to aid him, some of your loose poacher chaps, have neither the brains nor the courage to enter upon a housebreaking expedition on their own account."

"It is precisely my opinion," eagerly acquiesced Squire Lester, "it is also Lord Dane's; those poachers are not worth punishing, and therefore we have not moved heaven and earth to take them. The ringleader is the guilty man, and that ringleader was Lydney."

"Mr. Lester—give me credit for being assured of my facts before I speak. William Lydney was *not* the ringleader."

The officer had dropped his voice to a low, earnest key, and his look had changed to one of solemn meaning. Mr. Lester, he could not tell why, did not like it.

"I am here to tell you who the ringleader was, but I warn you beforehand, Mr. Lester, that it will not be pleasant to your ears."

"It must have been Lydney," was the faltering answer, all Mr. Lester's assurance gone.

"It was Wilfred Lester."

Upstarted Mr. Lester, overturning the inkstand before him, his face red and his tongue loud.

"How dare you traduce my son?" he cried, as he paced the room. "Do you forget who he is; that he is a gentleman? He is under the cloud of my displeasure just now, and it drives him to be wild, random; to associate with loose company. But a midnight housebreaker! You shall eat your words, Mr. Blair."

"I am not sorry to hear one admission from your lips," equably returned the officer, who had sat with professional coolness until the burst was over: "that it is the being under the cloud of your displeasure which *drives* him to be wild and to join bad company. You speak truth, Mr. Lester; whatever ill your son may be guilty of, you have driven him on to it. He *was* the housebreaker into the Hall last night—that is, the mover in the step, the ringleader."

"Perhaps you will say I drove him on to that!" chafed Mr. Lester, whose feelings were taming down from indignation into pain.

"Yes I should, if you ask my opinion. Mr. Lester, allow me—it is of no use to contend against facts, or to resent what it is my painful duty to tell you. Knowing, as you now do, who I am, you may be sure I should not come to you with a half-substantiated story. It was your son who planned and carried out the attack on his father's house, the poachers being persuaded and bribed by him to help in it."

"But what for? what was his motive?" gasped Mr. Lester. "There was nothing taken: did he want to cut our throats?"

"There was no robbery, in the ordinary sense of the word, and the pistol you heard discharged was raised by him at one of the men, who had hinted that it might be pleasant to effect a little business of the sort for his own cheek. There was something taken, however."

Mr. Lester looked round, as if to make sure that the chairs and tables were all in their places.

"What was taken?" he inquired, his accent savoring of incredulity.

"Have you examined your iron safe?"

"No." But Mr. Lester turned short round and examined it then; that is, gave a [illegible] at the outside.

[illegible] possession a certain deed, relating to some money he believes he is entitled to, but which you withhold. And I fancy he succeeded."

After a pause of astonishment, Mr. Lester hastily drew some keys from his pocket, and unlocked the safe. He knew precisely where to lay his hand upon the parchment, and essayed to do so.

"The deed is gone!" he uttered, turning round in perturbation. And Mr. Blair nodded.

"You now perceive your son's motive. I don't defend him; mind that; I don't defend him: but some may deem that he had provocation. Whether the money ought by law to have come to him when he was of age, I cannot offer an opinion upon; he expected that it should, and the least you could have done, was to allow him to peruse the deed. When you shall deliberate the past over with less prejudice than you have probably been in the habit of doing, you may arrive at the same conclusion as myself—that had Wilfred Lester been treated differently by his father, he might never have forfeited his good name."

"Are you going to arrest him?" was the rejoinder of Mr. Lester, who was cutting rather a sorry figure: as most men do when a conviction of their own bad conduct is brought home to their shame.

"To arrest him is not in my department. If you choose to give him into custody, you can hand your warrant and instructions to Inspector Young. Your son might get the punishment, but I know who would get the odium. When the whole facts were disclosed, the miserable course of his past treatment, there's not a judge upon the bench but would recoil from sentencing him—thinking of their own children."

Squire Lester gave his brow a rub, which was apparently growing hot.

"I am not going to give him into custody," he sharply said. "You need not preach."

"But that I felt convinced Mr. Lester was a good man at heart, and had been led away (he best knows by what influence) to act harshly, I should not have disclosed to him the true culprit," observed the officer, looking him steadily in the face. "I knew he would shrink from bringing public punishment on one who is his son, and ought to be his heir, thereby furnishing further food for scandal in Danesheld."

"Further food!" retorted Mr. Lester. "I have furnished none yet."

"My good sir!" returned the officer. "If you only knew the hard words bestowed upon you from one end of the place to the other, you would not think that. Wilfred, with all his ill-doings, is popular and respected, compared with you."

"You are bold," chafed Mr. Lester.

"It is the fault of my trade," was the answer, given with a knowing smile. "It is a good thing, and you may thank your stars for it, that some one else has been more compassionate to your son and his wife than you have been: or else I am not sure that they—she, at any rate—would be alive now. I speak of a gentleman who has lately been regarded as a wolf, come to Danesheld to devour lambs—William Lydney."

"Ah! William Lydney!" was the fierce response, as if Squire Lester wished to indemnify his anger for momentarily forgetting him. "However you may excuse my son for being here last night, you cannot palliate *his* guilt. He had no deed to get."

"I will let you into a secret, Mr. Lester. It came to William Lydney's knowledge that your son was in the wood on Sunday night with the rest of the ruffians, the convoy engaged in the respectable employment of tacking black crape to their hats. That may have been about nine o'clock. He waited out in the cold damp air till morning, watching for Wilfred Lester, resolved to snatch him from the crime he was contemplating. Unfortunately Mr. Lydney, like the rest of us, believed it was the castle that was threatened; he did not give a thought to your house, and when the truth reached him, they were already in the Hall, and he was too late. He came here, just in time to find the deed accomplished, and the jail-birds flying, but he found Wilfred, and got him safely home. William Lydney saved your son from prison; William Lydney has helped him in other ways, which I am not going to speak of: I went ferreting about last night amidst the odds and ends of the Danesheld population, picking up what information I could about William Lydney and Wilfred Lester, and I picked up a good deal. Lydney's character has been pretty nearly taken from him for frequenting the haunts of the poachers; but he was looking after your son, to keep him from the evil. They had grown friendly."

"Wilfred always had a hankering after low company," said Squire Lester.

"If he never gets into lower company than young Lydney's, he won't hurt," returned Mr. Blair, bursting into a laugh.

Something in its tone upset Mr. Lester's equanimity.

"Why, who is Lydney?"

"Oh, as to that, you can ask him when you next see him. I should treat him with civility, were I you, squire; if only in return for his taking your son's guilt upon himself. It is not every man who would quietly be given into custody for another."

"What possessed him? He must have been swayed by some powerful motive."

"Or motives. True. Wilfred Lester saved his life, and he may have been actuated by gratitude. A feeling is abroad also that he would do a great deal to save from disgrace one who is so nearly related to Miss Lester."

"He is a ruffian and a villian, and I will maintain that he is, so far as his behaviour goes in this house," fired Mr. Lester, disturbed by the allusion. "Who but a villain would set himself out to rival Lord Dane, and gain my daughter's affections?—ay, and I can't answer for it that he has not succeeded. Can you defend him in that, sir?"

"I think I had better leave him to defend himself."

"Were I Lord Dane, I would shoot him!"

"Were you Lord Dane, I do not fancy you would," laughed Mr. Blair.

The conference came to an end, and Mr. Blair felt assured that no more appeals would go up to Sir Richard Mayne. He left the house, and Mr. Lester paced his study in a most uncomfortable state of perplexity.—Would it be best to take Wilfred into favor, or to go on disowning him? And how was he to get back the deed? And what would my lady say?

Meantime there came a summons to the Hall door. The servant admitted three gentlemen who had descended from a carriage: one, a commanding looking man of attenuated features, a stranger to the domestic; Mr. Apperly, and—very dubiously looked the servant, not knowing whether to deny him admittance or not—William Lydney.

"I wish to see Mr. Lester," said the stranger.

The man bowed and led the way to the study. He laid his hand on the handle of the door, and turned.

"What name, sir?"

"Lord Dane."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the man, in his surprise. "I asked what name."

"Lord Dane," was the distinct repetition; and the servant wondered what old madman had got in, as he announced it. He looked round for the other two, but found they had not advanced, so he closed the door on the one who had.

"Show me to Miss Lester," said Mr. Lydney.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the man, familiarly. "She's at home, and my lady's not down yet. But, about admitting of you in—"

"I bid you show me to Miss Lester," interrupted Lydney, in a quiet tone of command; and the man felt that it might not be disobeyed.

Maria was in the drawing-room alone, the traces of tears still upon her cheeks. She brushed them away hastily, and advanced to receive the guests.

"My visit is not to you, Miss Lester," began Mr. Apperly, in a joking manner, "but I have taken the liberty of following this young gentleman to your presence, thinking it may be as well to introduce him. Mr. Dane. Lord Dane *to be.*"

William Lydney smiled; Maria looked from one to the other. She scarcely noted the words, strange as they were; all her thoughts were directed to the imprudence of his appearing at the Hall.

"Does papa know you are here?" she timidly asked.

"Not yet; but I have scarcely transgressed his prohibition. He forbid William Lydney to enter; he did not forbid Geoffry Dane."

"I expect you can settle it yourselves now, without me," cried Mr. Apperly, as he quitted the room.

"Maria, answer me truly: does not Mr. Lester wish to force you on Lord Dane?"

"Yes," she answered, bursting into tears. "If I will not give the required promise before to-day is over, I am to be turned from my home."

"Give it, my darling," he whispered, as he caught her to his heart and held her there. "*I* ask you. Promise that you will marry no other than Lord Dane."

"What do you mean?" she uttered, in agitation.

"Promise me to be Lord Dane's wife," was all he reiterated.

"William!" and she strove to draw away from him.

"Will you promise, then, to be mine?" he fondly whispered.

"Oh, that I might promise it!" she said, in her distress. "Gain my father's consent, and you have mine."

"I think his will be gained before the day is over," he replied, gazing in her face with his triumphant air of tenderness. "My dearest, you trusted the unknown William Lydney; he was obscure, under a cloud, and he could not declare himself; I told you that the trust should not be misplaced. I am Geoffry Dane."

"What *do* you mean?" she exclaimed.

"To be Lord Dane, I fear—I fear—ere much time shall have elapsed. I puzzled you, Maria, when I said you might come to be my Lady Dane yet, if things worked well. But you cannot suppose I alluded to him whom you knew as Lord Dane. He is no longer Lord Dane, and in point of fact never has been."

"Then—who—is—Lord Dane?" returned Maria, bringing out the words slowly in her excessive astonishment.

"My father—who is at the present moment with Mr. Lester. The Captain Harry Dane who fell over the cliff when you were a child, Maria. He did not die."

"Can this be true?"

"It is undoubtedly true," he returned, with a smile. "As true as that I shall hold you to your promise to be mine—my darling, my darling wife!"

She started from his embrace, for Lady Adelaide entered. If anything could have added to Maria's wonder of astonishment, it was to see her shake hands heartily with William, and call him "Geoffry."

But we have not quite finished with Mr. Lester, whom we left pacing the study in excitement. He was interrupted by the announcement of Lord Dane, and turned to receive him. Instead of Lord Dane, there entered, walking slowly, as if from feebleness, but not stooping, a fine, upright man, with white hair. Mr. Lester supposed some mistake had been made, or that Lord Dane was following; but as he scanned the features of the visitor, he felt strangely startled, and drew back.

"I—I—thought he said Lord Dane," broke from him in his embarrassment.

"So he did," was the stranger's answer, as he held out his hand. "Don't you know me, George? Who else, but myself, should be Lord Dane?"

Mr. Lester staggered to a chair and sat down, utterly petrified.

"Harry Dane did not die, George; and he has come back at the eleventh hour to claim his own. I should have been home ten years ago, had I dreamt that it was *Herbert* who was representing the Dane peerage; I never supposed but it was my brother Geoffry."

Mr. Lester clasped his hand and welcomed him, and at this juncture, Lawyer Apperly entered, and the events of the past were cursorily explained to Mr. Lester's almost disbelieving ears.

"What a dreadful blow for Herbert Dane?" was his first comment.

"Dreadful in one sense, inasmuch as that it deprives him of his rank," assented Lord Dane; "in another sense, it is a boon, a relief."

"Relief from what?" asked Mr. Lester, but Lord Dane evaded the question.

"Danesheld says—it has lost none of its gossiping talents—that he wished to marry your daughter."

"Why—yes," was Mr. Lester's slow answer, as he ran over probabilities and improbabilities in his own mind; "but—I don't know now. Of course this change will involve loss of income as well as loss of title."

"Undoubtedly. And he may think himself well off that I do not call upon him to make good the revenues of the estate, which he has enjoyed for the last ten years," Lord Dane added, laughing.

"I do not see that he can now think further of Maria," Mr. Lester observed, shaking his head. "And she does not like him."

"Were she quite free, I would have made her an offer on the part of my son," resumed Lord Dane.

"Your son!" echoed Mr. Lester. "Oh, to be sure, you have just said you have one by an early marriage. Is he in this country?"

"He is in this house; he came with me; but I sent him to wait in the drawing-room, until my first appearance to you should be over. By accepting him, your daughter's anticipated position will not be changed; she will still be Lady Dane. In point of wealth she will be better off, for Geoffry has an immense fortune from his mother's side."

"A most flattering, munificent offer," cried the gratified Mr. Lester, "and if Maria can only be brought to hear reason and to entertain it—"

"Oh, don't fancy we would force Miss Lester's inclination," interposed Lord Dane; "she must be allowed to decide for herself. You had better let my son be introduced to you. Apperly, suppose you go and bring him in."

"I shall be most delighted, most proud to make his acquaintance," spoke Mr. Lester, in the exuberance of his spirits. "I wonder what Apperly can be chuckling at," he thought, looking after him; "but I don't fancy he ever did cordially like Herbert Dane."

Mr. Apperly went away chuckling, and Mr. Apperly came back chuckling. Lydney was with him; and Lady Adelaide and Maria followed them. Mr. Lester flew in a rage.

"You here! You audacious man, how dare you presume to intrude into my house? I beg your pardon, Lord Dane, but this man, Lydney—"

Mr. Lester stopped, for Lord Dane had linked his arm within the "audacious man's," and was leading him up.

"An instant, George Lester," he said; "you shall tell me about Lydney when I have made the introduction. My son, Geoffry Dane."

The consternation of Mr. Lester was pitiable.

"*He!*—he your son?" he gasped, when he could speak.

"My own and only son; Geoffry William Lydney Dane, styled the Honorable. Ah, Lester! you and Danesheld have been abusing him, have been laying all sorts of outrageous sins to his charge, deceived into it by the calumniations of Herbert Dane; but Maria was more clear sighted than any of you, she saw that his nature was what it is, all honor and goodness, and she trusted him. I think you should give her to him in recompense."

Lady Adelaide advanced, her cheek flushing with emotion, as she addressed her husband.

"George, I never urged you to give her to Lord Dane—to Herbert; I do urge you to give her to Geoffry."

"I can but ask you to hold to your promise, sir," interrupted William, looking at Mr. Lester with a sunny smile. "You have vowed she shall only marry to be Lady Dane, and the sole chance of her becoming so—since my father is not a candidate for her hand—is by accepting me. Give her to me," he yearningly pleaded, "I will love and cherish her forever."

"I'll draw up the marriage settlements for nothing, if you will say yes," cried out Lawyer Apperly, in the fullness of his satisfaction. "I could walk a mile on my head, to-day."

"What in the world is the matter with you all?" exclaimed Mr. Lester, above the confusion and in his own emotion. "You are beseeching me as if for some great boon, hard to grant; *I* think the boon will be bestowed on me. Take her," he added, as he grasped William's hand; "take her and keep her, and forgive me the *past.*"

"And, now that that is all right, I must be going," said Lord Dane."

"Where?" asked Mr. Lester.

"Where! why to show myself in Danesheld with my son, and to make a few more calls on old friends, as I have made here, previously to holding my levee at the castle. I shall go about it rather charily, Lester, lest timid people may fancy it is a ghost coming in. Herbert thought me one, the other night in the chapel ruins. It was the only time I ventured out, while I was at Ravensbird's. The night was fine, I felt unusually strong, and I managed to walk as far as the ruins. Herbert Dane it seems had walked to the same spot, and we met. I know he took me for my own apparition, for he scuttered off like a man scared by one, while I stepped to the next window, and got inside. Are you ready, William? We go first to Wilfred Lester's."

"To Wilfred Lester's!" involuntarily uttered Wilfred's father.

"Yes, sir, to Wilfred Lester's," replied Lord Dane, somewhat sternly. "His own flesh and blood have forsaken him, have abandoned him to the charity of a cold world, so it is time the world took him up. I intend to carry him and his wife to the castle, to-day—pretty little Edith as she used to be, more ready with her kisses for Captain Harry Dane than Maria was—and there they shall stop, my guests and William's, until somebody can see about a home for them. In a measure I look upon this as my duty. Various tales have come to my ears—Danesheld gossip again!—that my Cousin Adelaide has set the father against the son. If so, I feel sure that Adelaide has had some base and crafty adviser—possibly she may find it to have been a member of her household. At any rate, Wilfred stays with us, until you and she come to your senses. Do you hear, Adelaide?"

Lady Adelaide did hear, and looked terribly conscious and confused. But, what was more to the purpose, she looked repentant.

They left the Hall, and were about to step into the carriage, when they encountered Miss Bordillion, who was calling at it. Like some others had done, and like many others were destined to do before the day closed, she started back at the sight of Lord Dane. The facts were hastily explained to her.

"I told you that the time would soon come for you to welcome me again," smiled William, as he held out his hand. "Your door will be open, I hope, to Geoffry Dane, though it was not to William Lydney."

"And Maria?" she uttered, unable to take in at once all the wonders.

"Oh—I had serious thoughts of running away with Maria," laughed he, "but Mr. Lester has obviated the necessity. He tells me I may take her without."

Miss Bordillion gazed after the carriage, as it swept round the gravel drive, and at William's face, which still smiled upon her from the window.

"I *never will* be persuaded out of my senses again," emphatically uttered she. "My judgment trusted him, my heart spoke for him; but, because others turned against him, I must needs do the same: and now I am just paid out."

Lady Adelaide had gone up to her chamber with their departure, and there sat Tiffle on a stool of thorny impatience. She was big with news.

"Not but what I'm grieved to have it to disclose, my lady, for it's awful inaquity," quoth she. "Knowing your ladyship was not down, and hearing voices in the drawing-room, I made bold to put my eye to the key-hole, and there I saw—but it's too barefaced to tell your ladyship, and makes me red all over, down to the extremities of my toes."

"Tell it on," said Lady Adelaide.

"My lady, there was that adrinterer there, that Lydney, and he had got Miss Lester all

held close to him, her face upon—if you'll excuse my mintioning the word—his breast, my lady, and was a kissing of her like anything."

"You and I may have been kissed in our days, Tiffie," was the cool response of Lady Adelaide. "I expect she will soon be his wife."

"His wife!" shrieked Tiffie, in her amazement. "Lydney's? What, and go out with him a Botamy Bay convict?"

"Tiffie!" reprimanded her ladyship, in a sharp, haughty tone. "Have the goodness to recollect yourself: you are speaking of Miss Lester."

She pointed to the door as she spoke, and Tiffie retired, cowed and thunderstruck. One of the under servants met her, and said that Shad was outside the back entrance, asking for her.

"Shad! come here asking for me!" responded Tiffie, in a great amount of wrath. "I'll teach him to come after me, ondacious little reptile! That Granny Bean is forever wanting fresh stuff for her rheumitix."

"Granny said I was to cut and tell ye, and not to mind calling at the house for once," began Shad, in an under tone, when Tiffie reached him. "Lord Dane's come back."

"Come back from where?" cried Tiffie.—"Where has he been?"

"Not him at the castle; he ain't Lord Dane no more. T'other's come, him what they says fell over the cliff, but he come to life again. He have took up his footing at the castle, and t'other 'll have to turn out. Granny said I was to tell ye as Lydney—"

"Well?" said Tiffie, impatiently, staring with all her eyes. "Get on quicker."

"As Lydney have been here in disguise, a looking after what folks did wrong, but not a helping of 'em, as was thought. He's t'other's son, and his name's Geoffry Dane, and he'll be Lord Dane after him."

Tiffie gathered in the words, gathered in her own politics of the past, and fell back in a real fainting fit. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOVE STORY OF AN ENGLISH HERO:

AND HIS LAST FIGHT.

BY LIEUTENANT WARNEFORD, R. N.

That grand epic poem, England's Battle-Life at Sea, has ever had for me an irresistible charm, heightened by the constantly recurring discovery, in the earlier

"Of those dead leaves that keep their green,
Those noble records of the dead,"

of mighty achievements veiled from incurious eyes by the blaze of recent, familiar glory. One of the greatest of those triumphs is Sir Richard Grenville's last, though not in the vulgar sense of the word, victorious fight, for it is a cypress-coronal, the amaranthine chaplet of self-sacrifice, which lightens round the brow, and sheds consecrating lustre upon the memory of the heroic sailor. And this brief story, which, by the help of peculiar opportunities, I am enabled to place before the public, will show that, in a conflict yet more trying and afflictive than that last fight, Sir Richard's governing principle, *Noblesse oblige*, was as stoutly carried out, as amidst the crash of cannon, the blood and flame of adverse battle.

Richard, son of Sir Roger Grenville (Sometimes spells the name Greenville), a native of Cornwall, was born in 1554, and claimed to be descended from Rollo, of Normandy. The revenue of the family was not at all commensurate with its ancestral splendor—a fortunate circumstance, as but for the sharp goad of necessity, Richard Grenville might not have so soon and eagerly cast in his lot with a profession which he was destined to so brilliantly illustrate. He was not yet eighteen when, contrary, it is said, to the advice of his appreciating friend, Sir Walter Raleigh—which advice I take leave to doubt—he volunteered to serve in Hungary against the Turks, and was actually present in the great battle of Lepanto, between the Moslem and Christian fleets, the result of which was that, for the first time,

"The proud Sultana of the Straits bowed down
Her jewelled neck and her embattled crown,"

in cureless ruin and abasement, and the menacing preponderance of the Ottoman was shattered forever. Like the author of "Don Quixotte," who was also a combatant in that battle, young Grenville, besides his full share of the achievement, received a severe wound, in assisting to beat off an attempt to board the *Austrian Admiral* (how oddly in my ear sound the words Admiral and Austrian in conjunction!), which hurt compelled his immediate return to England.

He remained at home about a twelvemonth, during which occurred the noble passage in his young life to which I have, passingly, alluded.

His father, Sir Roger Grenville, a man, as years grew upon him, infirm in mind and body, who had cheerfully conformed in succession to the religious changes promulgated by Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, with no other result but that of souring the temper, without bettering his estate, married for the second time, when he was over sixty, Mistress Margaret Penford, a widow lady, of comely person, full twenty years his junior, having no money, and one daughter, Constance Penford, "a vixenish maiden."

Lady Grenville further increased her invalid husband's household by the introduction of Maud Gaston, or Garston—I have seen the name spelt both ways—we will say Maud Gaston, a second or third cousin of hers, and about the same age as Richard Grenville.—Maud Gaston was an orphan, and actually possessed of but forty pounds a year, a revenue which, though it made Goldsmith's parson passing rich, was to her, poor girl! a miserably insufficient stipend. But Maud had great expectations from an aunt—one Dame Gaston, of Rockstone Hall, a somewhat stately building, within five miles of Truro, not more, I should say, than a mile from the railway of these days, and from the elevation upon which it stands, nakedly visible, if I may so express myself, to the train-passengers.

Dame Gaston, of Rockstone Hall, had recently joined the Protestant Church, and being, like most converts, zealous to saving for her new faith, insisted that her niece, Maud, should follow her example. The Penfords and Gastons, I should have stated, were old, with Dame Gaston's exception, decayed Catholic families. Maud outwardly acquiesced; but Dame Gaston, whose health, by-the-bye, was fast failing, continued to hold the revocation of her will, made in Maud's favor, *in terrorem*, over the young lady's head, as a security against any possible relapse into error.

Let me add that Lady Grenville (second of that name), though an avaricious, was, under ordinary circumstances, an amiable woman enough, and as she had nothing to fear from Richard Grenville's presence at Newton-le-Willows—Sir Roger having made an ante-nuptial settlement in her favor—she treated her step-son with courtesy, and, as it would seem, gradually gained upon his confidence and esteem.

But it was Maud, kind, sweet-tempered Maud, who was Richard Grenville's ministering attendant,—his tender, sympathizing nurse; an always dangerous, often fatal, intercourse between two youthful, inflammable natures. Undesignedly, and for a while unconsciously, Maud Gaston inspired the youthful sailor with a consuming passion, and when she *did* make the unwelcome discovery, the timid, dependent girl was compelled to more than tacitly encourage his fiery addresses. Dame Gaston, charmed with Richard Grenville's denunciations of Popery, and, with woman's clear insight in such cases, early cognisant of his romantic devotion to her niece, as well as of Maud's unaccountable repugnance to him as a lover, sternly intimated to the young lady that her choice lay between the acceptance of Richard Grenville's suit, and beggary. Poor Maud! there is much excuse to be made for her!

I have seen her portrait (a full-length, in excellent preservation) at Newton-le-Willows, and am not surprised at Richard Grenville's infatuation, though I suppose she would not be deemed handsome in a critical sense. Yet, I don't know.

Rather under the medium height, habited in a green velvet cardinal, and a fantastic head-gear, from which the brown tresses escape in rich profusion, compassing the fair, sweet face as with a wavy golden frame:—Yes, *sweet* face—that is its character—not a brilliant face. Soft, well-opened hazel eyes, of unfathomable depth, a slightly saucy nose, ever so little *retrousse*—turned up—a charming mouth, which suggests the Scottish poet's conceit—

"There's kamee of honey 'twixt my luve's lips,"

and shoulders, bust, figure, that—but I am no hand at such descriptions, and will, therefore, only repeat that, having been courteously permitted to see the portrait of Maud Gaston—unmistakably by a master of his art—I am not surprised at Richard Grenville's passionate devotion, and can more vividly appreciate the greatness of the self-sacrifice he made in her behalf.

Matters went on smoothly enough, upon the surface, till shortly after Richard Grenville entered his twentieth year, when Dame Gaston, of Rockstone Hall, died—suddenly, one may say, long as she had been ailing.—Upon the will being opened, it was found that all the deceased had possessed, amounting, in land, money, and houses, to about thirty thousand pounds, an immense sum at that time, was devised to her niece, *provided she married Richard Grenville*. Should she refuse to do so, all went to Richard Grenville; and should he refuse to marry her, all to Maud Gaston absolutely. Maud fainted before the lawyer had finished reading the will, and was borne out of the room in a state of insensibility.

About a month had passed since Dame Gaston's death, when Richard Grenville, losing all patience, and goaded, as I apprehend, by the sneers and insinuations of Lady Grenville (I find no mention of Sir Roger), who would fain have netted him and the thirty thousand pounds for the "vixenish maiden," her daughter—sent a written, impassioned declaration to Maud Gaston, who, since her aunt's decease, had kept herself in almost entire seclusion. Maud answered in person, and, for the first time, informed her thunder-stricken suitor that she had been for years devotedly attached, and under promise of marriage, to Edward Valletort, a young Catholic gentleman, of good family, but well-nigh poor as herself, who had been mixed up with some foolish plot against Elizabeth, but had recently obtained his pardon, and returned to England. Severely blaming herself for the deception, which a want of moral courage had caused her to be guilty of towards Richard Grenville, she added, with great emotion, that though her heart was, it might be, irrevocably, Edward Valletort's, she would not, could not, drag him down, by a union with her, into the gulf of hopeless poverty; and if, therefore, he, Richard Grenville, insisted, she would become his wife, not doubting, "knowing his nobleness," that she would be ultimately reconciled to her lot.

The next morning, Richard Grenville, accompanied by the family lawyer, entered a room, where, at his request, were assembled Sir Roger and Lady Grenville, Constance Penford, and Maud Gaston.

"Take notice," said Richard Grenville, "that I, by this sealed indenture, formally refuse to marry Maud Gaston."

He then left the room,—vanquished,—victorious, for the first great time. The noble act was legally confirmed immediately he attained his majority.

A week afterwards he was at Plymouth, had purchased the Golden Lion, a stout schooner, and, with Raleigh's assistance, commenced arming and victualling her for a cruise in the South Seas.

When Richard Grenville was at home, recovering from the hurt he had received in the battle of Lepanto, the public ear was filled with highly-colored narratives of cruelties committed by Spaniards upon the natives of the New World, which old Europe had suddenly awakened to discover had been, from the beginning of Time, sleeping, unguessed-of, by her side. It was the heroic age of adventure, as well as of discovery, and the hot blood of heretic England, fired by exciting details of the Spaniards' crimes and ill-gotten riches, forthwith initiated the formidable confederacy whose watch-word was, "No Peace, South of the Line," and who exulted in showing how slight a value they attached to his Holiness the Pope's solemn gift of the Americans to the crown of Spain. Richard Grenville, and others of his stamp, championed, with their lives in their hands (the Spanish power at sea not having then been crippled by the destruction of the Armada) a great principle,—the freedom of the seas. "Muscular Christians," we may fairly call them, and it is impossible to deny that they differed totally from their sordid successors, and this, notwithstanding that they, too, had a keen eye for the *siller*. If there was but half a chance of success, they would much more gladly have fallen in with a war-ship of Spain, than a gold-freighted galleon. The broad distinction between the two classes of adventurers could not be more strongly marked.

I have no intention to follow the Golden Lion—she was about two hundred and fifty tons burthen, and mounted eight brass cannon, of small calibre—in her wonderfully successful cruise on the Spanish main. Enough that I relate how Richard Grenville *lost* the *Golden Lion*, defeated, yet a conqueror, for the second time in his eventful, but, counted by years, still youthful life.

He had chased a large Spanish merchant ship for several days, and, the wind having freshened, was fast closing with her in the Bay of Campeachy, when two Spanish frigates hove in sight, and immediately gave chase. The wind was blowing dead ashore, the *Golden Lion* was too far embayed to have a chance of escaping by beating seaward, and there was nothing for it but to shoal her water, so that the heavy Spanish ships could not effectually attack her, except with boats. It was late in the evening when the enemy was sighted, and before it was quite dark, but three Spanish ships had anchored, the merchantman considerably further seaward than the frigates.

There was only one chance of escape for the crew of the *Golden Lion*. By taking to the boats, it was just possible, the night being very dark, to pass the frigates, board the merchantman, and slip off to sea, unobserved by the men-of-war. Grenville determined to essay that chance; and having first scuttled the *Golden Lion*, the boats put off with muffled oars, and keeping well in the shadow of the high, bluff shore, crept out of the bay. Her binnacle light guided them to the unsuspecting merchantman, whose crew were carousing below in felicitation of their escape from the English schooner. There was no watch upon deck, so secure did the revellers feel in the protection of the frigates; and the first intimation the Spaniards had of the seizure of their ship was the appearance of Richard Grenville and his men at the entrance of the cabin, and a stern intimation, that if they raised the least outcry, they would be instantly knocked on the head, and flung overboard. The vessel's cable was then cut, sail was got upon her, and she stood out to sea, unnoticed by the men-of-war, who had the pleasure of discovering, at daylight the next morning, that only the topmasts of their prize were above water, and that their rescued friend, the merchantman, was nowhere.

Grenville sailed direct for England. Not long after his arrival there, he took service in Ireland under Sir H. Sidney, was chosen sheriff of Cork, knighted by Elizabeth, and returned to Parliament for the county of Cornwall. Sir Walter Raleigh confided to him the command of an expedition, fitted out with a view to the colonization of Virginia. Sir Richard Grenville also greatly distinguished himself in the series of triumphs obtained over the Armada, and on other occasions, which, passing by, we come to the year 1591, when he was appointed Vice-Admiral, and second in command to the Lord Thomas Howard, who was despatched, with a squadron of seven ships of war, to intercept the Plate fleet, the King of Spain beginning to show himself, for the first time since 1588, in force at sea. Sir Richard Grenville hoisted his flag in the *Revenge*, of seventy-two guns—the same ship that Drake commanded in the battles with the Armada, and accounted the liveliest sailor in the English navy.

Lord Howard had not long arrived off the Azores, when he was surprised by a combined Spanish and Portuguese fleet, numbering fifty-two ships of war, commanded by Don Alphonso de Bazan, which came on in two divisions, under press of sail.

The English ships were in wretched plight, too, "all pestered and rummaging, everything out of order, and half the men sick with scurvy." Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Lord John Howard signalled the squadron to ship their cables, and endeavor to escape. Six of the ships obeyed the order, and the wind favoring, got clear off.

Sir Richard was indignant. Many of his crew were on shore, and "he chose rather to sacrifice his life, and to face all dangers whatsoever, than to fail in his obligation of gathering together those who were under his charge, although at the hazard of his ship and company."

Notwithstanding the time consumed in bringing the men off, there was still, in the opinion of the master, a chance of escaping the Spanish fleet, but Sir Richard "threatened to hang him if he laid hand upon a sail with such a cowardly intent. He would pass through both the enemy's divisions, in spite of them, setting an example of duty to Lord Howard, by whom it appeared he was to be shamefully abandoned."

The month was August; and at about three in the afternoon the desperate fight began with a broadside from the *San Felipe*, a three-decker. The *Revenge* replied with cross-bar shot, and with such terrible effect, that the *San Felipe* "shifted herself with all haste, misliking her entertainment."

For the remainder of the day, and far into the night, the terrible conflict raged with unabated fury, and but brief intervals of intermission. The *Revenge* had never less than two assailants pounding at, or endeavoring to board her, and engaged in all during the fight fifteen of the enemy's ships, four of which she sunk.

As, however, the Lord Howard would not, or could not, come to her assistance, the capture or destruction could not be averted. Just before midnight, Sir Richard himself was grievously wounded—the surgeon was killed whilst dressing the wound, "the ship was filled with slain and wounded men like a slaughter-house; the pikes were all broken, the powder consumed," and finding a longer resistance impossible, Sir Richard Grenville, "resolving to trust to the mercy of God rather than to Spaniards," sent for the gunner, a man of his own stamp, "and commanded him to split open the ship."

That order would have been promptly obeyed, but for the opposition of the captain and master. The *Revenge*, by their order, struck to the *San Felipe*, on board of which Sir Richard was carried.

"You may do what you like with my body," said the indomitable seaman, addressing the Spanish Admiral, "for I esteem it not."

Sir Richard Grenville expired on shore shortly after the battle, having, a few hours previous to his death, dictated the following paper:—

"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his queen, his country, and honor. My soul willingly departeth from this body, leaving behind that lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do."

Such were the men by whom England's maritime greatness has been built up.

The *Revenge*, I had almost forgotten to add, was so battered in the tremendous conflict that she foundered off Terceira, with all her prize-crew on board, during a storm, raised for that purpose, according to Spanish authority, by Sir Richard's friend, the Devil, to whom he had sold himself.

EARTHQUAKES.—The physical world appears to be as much disturbed as the political. Scarcely a foreign paper we take up but contains an account of a hurricane, or similar disorder of the usual calm of nature. Professor Ansted reckons the total number of earthquakes which have occurred in historic times to the year 1850, to be about 7,000. Of this number, only 750 occurred prior to the year 1500. During the three succeeding centuries, that is, from the beginning of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth, 2,804 earthquakes are recorded, being four times as many as in the preceding centuries. From 1800 to 1850, there occurred no less than 3,240, being [illegible] of forty of these was attended with serious consequences; this gives one earthquake in every eight months attended with accidents more or less fatal. In Europe, during the last ten years, 320 earthquakes have occurred, or about one in every nine days.

BLUSHING INTO WOMANHOOD.—There is a touching beauty in the radiant look of a girl just crossing the limits of youth, and commencing her journey through the checkered space of womanhood. It is all dew-sparkle and morning glory to her ardent, buoyant spirit, as she presses forward, exulting in blissful anticipations. But the withering heat of the conflict of life creeps on; the dew-drops exhale; the garlands of hope, shattered and dead, strew the path; and too often, ere noontide, the smooth brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the evening rest, the twilight, the night.

THE LESSONS OF FAILURE.—It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

☞ A military man is generally vain. His vanity makes him strut, and his strut re-acts upon his vanity.

☞ God has not made this life altogether lovely, for then it would be too short, and hard to leave; nor yet altogether pitiful, for then it would be too long, and hard to bear.

☞ A plain-spoken woman lately visited a married woman and said to her, "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, starting; "do you know I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to *do*; but as it is never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

☞ Starers have the habit of taking an uncivil-eyes-ed view of things.

☞ The lady, who made a dash, has since brought her husband to a full stop.

☞ A parent's forgiveness of a daughter when her heart is broken, is pardon after execution.

☞ Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day *breaks*, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

☞ Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, and yet both actively working together.

☞ Young folks tell what they do; old ones, what they have done; and fools, what they will do.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—It seems that Senator Hammond's resignation is immediate, a letter having been received here directing his personal effects to be sent forthwith to South Carolina.

The Collector at Beaufort, S. C., has officially indicated his resignation, being unwilling, he says, to serve under a Republican administration.

It has previously been stated that the subject of a proclamation or address was under Executive consideration, but it now appears that the idea is abandoned, in view of the early meeting of Congress, to whom, by the Constitution, the President is required to "give information of the state of the Union."

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Many of the prevalent reports and conjectures concerning the action of the Government are untrue, and most of them exaggerated. The course of the Administration will afford no just cause for increasing the present excitement either North or South, as it will endeavor fairly, firmly and impartially, to perform its duty as the cases for its action may arise, always keeping the Constitution and the law in full view. The remark attributed to the Hon. Mr. Keitt, that the President is pledged to secession, has been received here with much astonishment. His friends do not believe he is correctly reported. It is well known that the President has never made such a pledge in any public paper, and his most intimate friends have never heard anything from his lips which would lead to the belief that he entertains any sentiment which is not warmly in favor of preserving the Constitution in all its integrity. The Postmaster at Orangeburg, Mr. Keitt's residence, has forwarded his resignation as Postmaster, to take effect on the 1st of January, unless, he says, his much abused and beloved State, South Carolina, shall sooner secede. The resignation has been accepted, and he requested to designate a suitable person as his successor, who will give the proper bonds for the discharge of all the duties required by the laws and regulations of the Post-Office Department. In the event of no such person being found to fill the office, it must be discontinued.

Lieut. Col. Gardner has, in the ordinary routine of business, been relieved of the command of Fort Moultrie, and will be succeeded by Major Anderson, who is next to him in rank, in the 1st regiment of Artillery.

The five thousand stand of arms recently mentioned as having gone South were purchased in Washington by Virginia for the use of that State. They were of inferior quality.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston Mercury says the Mayor has issued a proclamation prohibiting steerage passengers from landing at Charleston, unless the owners of the ships or steamers bringing them enter bonds to maintain them, if they become incumbrances.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 15.—Last night there was a grand torchlight procession of 600 "Mutineers," composed of the military and firemen. Ex-Speaker Orr made a speech espousing secession. Congressman Keitt, and others, made similar speeches.

The Washington Light Infantry in Charleston is a volunteer corps. A number of citizens solicited the Mayor to afford adequate protection to the United States Arsenal, as the Federal force was not able to do so in case of sudden outbreak. The Mayor detailed a detachment of this company to take charge of it for the present.

There is a large quantity of arms and ammunition stored in the Arsenal. The banks will not suspend unless for the relief of the community and defence of the State.

The report of cotton having been taken from the steamer South Carolina, was false.

The reported conduct of the captain of the steamer Keystone State, at Charleston, was exaggerated. He did not haul down the American flag and hoist the Palmetto, but saluted the Carolina flag by dipping his [illegible].

There are quite a large number of vessels in port, but the stars and stripes are nowhere to be seen among the shipping, or in the city.

ALABAMA.—MOBILE, Nov. 15.—The Governor will issue a call for a State Convention on the 6th of December. He urges the people to prepare for secession. The election of delegates is to take place on the 24th proximo, and the Convention to meet on the 7th of January.

GEORGIA.—A bill is being debated in the Legislature, proposing to raise a million of dollars for military purposes.

A bill was introduced suspending the collection of debts till 1861.

A resolution was introduced giving power to the Governor, in case of an attempt by the Federal authority to coerce the seceding States, to employ the military forces of Georgia to resist such coercion.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 14.—Speeches are nightly made, to excited crowds, by Messrs. Toombs, Thomas R. Cobb, and others, in favor of the secession of the State. Messrs. Stephenson, Johnson, and others take the opposite ground, and oppose the arguments of the seceders.

FLORIDA.—A despatch received at Charleston, from the Governor of Florida, states that Florida goes with South Carolina.

VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Enquirer urges that a State Convention be called at an early day, which might settle peaceably the dangerous question. It says it was with a view of concentrating public opinion upon such a convention, as well as to prepare the people for any unseen emergency, that Ex-Governor Wise inaugurated the Minute Men; and that he contemplated no raid on the Federal Government.

FALSE REPORTS.—There are a great many rumors and reports by telegraph from the news-agents of Northern newspapers which turn out to be without foundation. We see also in the Southern papers reports of occurrences in the North, which are entirely groundless. Everything seems to be seized upon by the sensation press of both sections to magnify the excitement, and we find it difficult ourselves to say what is, and what is not true.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 18.—The general impression is that Senator Toombs has not yet resigned, but that he will resign on the 3d of March, unless Georgia secedes.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, Nov. 17.—Affairs have been much quieted since Wednesday night, when Mr. Stephens made a great speech, taking strong conservative grounds, and the effect subsequently shows that he poured oil on the troubled waters, and that all parties are now disposed to act coolly and considerately.

To-day the Convention bill passed the Senate unanimously. The election of delegates is to take place on the second Wednesday of January, and the Convention meets on the Wednesday following. The bill appropriating a million of dollars to arm and equip Georgia is a complete law.

☞ SURE ENOUGH.—"Poor boy!" pityingly said a kind hearted old lady in Quebec, when the Prince stood bareheaded under a burning sun, to receive some complimentary address—"Poor boy! why don't he put on his crown to keep the sun off?"

☞ He who possesses a susceptible heart, has an inexhaustible mine of sweet emotions.

☞ Common sense is only a modification of talent—genius is an exaltation of it.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT A CIRCUS.—Howes and Cushing's American Circus visited Dumfries a few weeks ago, and gave two exhibitions in a large marquee in the Dock Park. At the evening exhibition something like a riot arose out of the refusal by the manager to pay a sovereign to any one who would ride a mule three times round the ring without being thrown off. A lad, named William Quin, who is in the employment of Mr. William Teenan, horse dealer, Dumfries, undertook the feat, and insisted that he had ridden the mule three times round the ring and kept his seat, notwithstanding that the reins had been cut by one of the circus people, and everything had been done to prevent his succeeding in the trial. The manager, on the other hand, averred that Quin had not ridden in a jockey fashion, had nearly choked the animal by clutching it round the neck, and had only ridden round the ring twice, a portion of the spectators having interfered. Quin's claim was loudly backed by a large number of the audience, and a mighty uproar was the result, in which some of the benches were smashed. Quin stuck to the mule, and proceeded to take it away home with him, followed by an immense crowd, cheering and yelling in a state of great excitement, and evidently anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of the manager, who had left the circus for his lodgings. Baffled and unsuccessful in their search, a portion of the crowd went back to the circus, seized one of the carriages, and threw it into the Nith at the foot of the dock, from which, however, it was soon after recovered, only slightly damaged. It was rumored, at one time, that the indignation of the mob, at what they considered the sharp practice of the Yankee, had led them to tear down a part of the marquee, but this is not true. The Superintendent of Police, Mr. Mitchell, was obliged to take steps for quelling the disturbance; the money was ultimately paid to Quin, the mule restored, and the streets soon resumed their wonted quiet. At the last visit of this circus to Dumfries, a similar occurrence took place; the lad Quin, on that occasion, also claimed to have won the money, which he did not get. This, no doubt, on the present occasion, gave additional energy to the remonstrances of the crowd.—*British Paper.*

FIVE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE.—We learn from the Story County (Iowa) Advertiser, of the 1st inst., that Daniel Swearingen, recently from Tuscarawas county, in this State, passed through Nevada with his family on the Monday previous, on his way to his farm near Fort Dodge. They were overtaken by fire on the prairie. The Advocate says:

Without other warning than a moment's sensation of heat, as felt through the cover of the wagon in which they were all travelling in fancied security, they were overtaken by fire on the prairie. Before any measures could be taken for protection the wagon-cover was in flames. In a moment the bedding and other inflammable material in the wagon was on fire, and before Mr. S. could make his way out of the wagon through the flames his clothing was on fire. Unfortunately, as he fell out of the wagon he was kicked by one of the horses, and for a time stunned beyond ability to help the others.

He revived in time to see his wife fall from the wagon, burned to death, and to drag from the flames one of his children, already dead. His own clothing was burned entirely from his body, and he is severely burned, especially in the head, face and hands. He is at present sightless, but hopes are entertained of his recovery, and that his eye-sight is not destroyed. Two of the children were literally burned up in the wagon. Of one, nothing could be found but the skull; the other a charred mass, in which was no trace of humanity left.

One of the horses was burned to death in the harness; the other succeeded in freeing himself, but is badly burned.

The dead are Mary Ann, the wife of Mr. Swearingen, aged 30 years; Sarah Jane, Rebecca Ellen, George Dalton and Sabrina, his children, aged respectively, eleven, nine, seven and two years.

The calamity occurred about seven miles north-west of this place on the Fort Dodge road, in a small *basin* or commencement of a water channel.

BEAUTY, LOVE AND DUTY.—"Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, gets off the following charming little romance:

"A short time since one of the many agents that are abroad selecting musical talents for America, sent on to the care of this house a French girl, who was engaged to teach for one year in a Southern institution, on a salary of $800 per year. On her way to New York she saw a German merchant of this city, who was smitten with her, for she was a young lady of dazzling beauty. He followed her to New York, and made a formal proposal for her hand. The gentleman was well known to the head of the house of Adams & Co., as a gentleman of wealth and standing. But the young teacher declined the proposal, at least until her contract for teaching should expire, and the consent of her parents obtained. But the gentleman was not to be put off. The lady had great confidence in the integrity of the Company, and relied on what the house of Adams & Co. said of the honor and position of the applicant. She relented and yielded, and cards are now out for the wedding at one of our most fashionable hotels, and this young adventurer, with nothing but her talents and beauty, will soon be at the head of an establishment, with a husband worth $300,000."

POTATOES.—The following method of storing potatoes for winter, as practiced by G. F. Adams, of Peoria, Illinois, is worthy of attention by all dwellers upon a somewhat damp soil, like that of most of the prairie land. He says:

"I selected a knoll, and dug on the top of it a pit 12 feet long, 5 feet wide and 4 feet deep. In the bottom I put 3 cross-timbers, a foot thick, and on them laid a floor, and then boarded up the sides 6 inches from the earth wall. I then took care to have the potatoes thoroughly dry, and all defective ones sorted over, and with careful handling I filled the bin and covered it with straw, and on that about a foot of earth, and there the potatoes kept till spring in first-rate order. I found water under the floor, which would have tended to the ruin of the potatoes if it had come in contact with them, as it had in former years, when they were stored in the common way. The air space around the heap keeps it from freezing."

THE SUMMER IN EGYPT.—While England has been afflicted with a cold and wet summer, Egypt has experienced the most extraordinary degree of heat ever known. On board one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamships, three persons were suffocated by the effects of the heat—one, a Spanish general, on his way to take the Government of the Philippine Islands; an English engineer; and a young lady, twenty-two years of age. The captain was compelled to retrace his way, in order to avoid exposing the rest of his company to the risk of death.

☞ Nobility of birth is like a cipher; it has no power in itself, like wealth or talent, but it tells with all the power of a cipher when added to either of the other two.

MERRIMENT AT A FUNERAL.—A most extraordinary case is now trying before one of the French courts. A certain Mr. C. died, leaving an express order to his heirs that he should be buried in church, and a handsome sum paid to the priests on condition that "nobody should laugh while the services are going on." The intelligent defunct had observed that undertakers and priests permit themselves often to take hilarious liberties with death, and he was determined that he should be buried with the gravity appropriate to the grave. Of course, the odd request got noised abroad; all the village came to the funeral; and everybody keeping an eye on everybody else, to see that nobody should so much as wink, the natural result followed. A fat priest near the coffin was the first to break down; the choir-boys in the frailty of their youth followed the fat priest; the minor canons, trying to stop the choir-boys, or at least to make them "laugh out of the wrong side of their mouths," caught the contagion, and began to shake their sides; the deacons were off next with a guffaw; and finally the *cure* himself was conquered, and choked in his handkerchief. In short, a merrier interment was never witnessed. It was the joke of the season. But the heirs, not liking the sport, have refused to pay the clergy for their rollicking services; and the matter is now in court, where it will doubtless cease to be a laughing matter to anybody but the lawyers.

TERRA-VOLTAISM FOR SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHS.—Mr. Beardmore, C. E., has written a pamphlet on this subject, in which he gives an account of some hopeful experiments made by him, between Cromer and Heligoland, through a line of three hundred miles in length, with a simple terrovoltaic apparatus, such as he seems convinced must ultimately be used for long submarine telegraphs, instead of the battery system heretofore in use. The new apparatus consists merely of a couple of earth plates, positive and negative, one at either extremity of the line, no other battery being used. By such means it is anticipated that all necessity for insulation of the wires, or at least dependence on perfect insulation, will be obviated, the electricity evolved by a single voltaic couple, while connected with the respective ends of the wire, having no tendency to escape to earth during transit. The chief difficulty relates to the question of intensity; as, by the single arrangement, increase of surface only affords increase of quantity, and not increase of intensity, as by the battery apparatus. The thickening of conducting wires appears to be a desideratum; and certainly, since the failure of the wonderous iron envelope of the Atlantic line, this would otherwise be an improvement.

THE SUBMARINE RAILWAY FROM DOVER TO CALAIS.—It is said that his Majesty the Emperor of the French, has at last given his sanction to the project invented by M. Favre, a Parisian engineer, for making a railway from Calais to Dover. This gigantic project comprises a brick-built tunnel under the Channel, from France to England, and the length of the work will be nineteen English miles. The ingenious engineer, referring to the repeated intriscsies of water in making the Thames Tunnel, states that nothing of the kind can be apprehended in attempting a similar work under the Channel, as for the greater part of the distance the ground is entirely composed of hard rock, whereas the soil under the Thames is of blue clay, of no consistence. The company of speculators who have taken this matter up in the French [illegible] as accurately as can be well done, the utmost cost of the execution of the tunnel; and, in order to avoid all disappointment to the shareholders who may think fit to take part in the enterprise, the works are to be executed at a fixed price, by contractors offering every guarantee of responsibility.

NEW AND CHEAP BLASTING POWDER.—*La Genie Industriel* states that a patent has just been taken out in Belgium for a simple method of making blasting powder from spent tan bark. It says that while the price of this powder is less than that of gunpowder, it takes but one-seventeenth part as much to produce the same effect. It is composed of 83½ pounds of nitrate of soda to 72½ pounds of waste tan bark, and 20 pounds of pulverised sulphur. The nitrate of soda is dissolved in a sufficient quantity of boiling water, and the tan bark added in a manner to completely impregnate it with the solution, after which the sulphur is added in the same way. The mixture is taken from the fire and thoroughly dried, when it is ready for use. If it is wet, it does not permanently injure it, but on being again dried is as good as ever. If fired in the open air, it causes no explosion, but is very efficient for blasting when confined in the usual manner. It is not suitable for use in guns or cannon.

A CATSKILL VERDICT.—"Died by the visitation of God," was the verdict of a Catskill, New York, Coroner's Jury, after an inquest on the body of a woman who, with the help of her husband, drank a gallon and a half of whiskey in one day.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	108	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	101½
" " new	103	103½
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct.	75	—
" " coupon	62	—
Allg'y City 6 pr ct.	85	75
" " County	88	85
Penn 6 pr ct,	102	—
" 5 "	95½	—
Penn 6 "	—	95½
" 5 " coupon	—	92
Kentucky 6 pr ct.	—	104½
Missouri "	99½	—
Ohio " 1860	101¾	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct.	98½	99½
Virginia "	91	91½
Land State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 1873-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	125	—
Philadelphia	—	116
Far & Mec	104	—
Commercial	52	52
N Liberty	62	—
Mechanics	121	—
Southwark	39	—
P Township	33	—
Kensington	32	—
Hyatt	45	60
Western	—	18
Man & Mec	271	—
Commerce	—	50
Tradesman's	621	—
City	433	—
Consolidation	131	—
Commonwealth	40	—
Corn Exchange	27	27½
Union bk	131	—
Germantown	—	30
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	53	—
Exchange "	52	—
Kentucky, Ky	—	113½
Northern "	128	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	86
Planters "	100	—
N O Gas Light	—	—
Comm & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	20	21½
Lehigh Zinc	1	—
Cow Creek	4	—
New Grenada	—	4
American Ins Co	17	20
Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	42	—
Bonds	—	93
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	—	102
2nd "	—	90
stock	39	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	—
stock	123	126
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	89	89
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '84	74	74½
stock	103	103½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	98
stock	80	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	—	42
6 pr ct loan, '60	—	100
Chas Vol R R	73	47
Tenn R R	75	36
Wil'ton & Elmira 7's 1st mort	75½	95
2nd "	17	104
stock	—	2
Catawissa	8	—
Beaver Meadow stock	60	—
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9	101
6 pr ct loan	74½	75
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	—	30
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	62	63½
Har & Lan R R stock	49½	50
bonds '92	90	—
L Schuylkill R R stock	—	12
Long Island R R stock	114	—
bonds	85	85
Erie R R stock	34½	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Central	85½	86
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois	98	97
Michigan Southern	47½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '92	72	73
imp. 6 pr ct	—	34
stock	—	—
preferred	—	21
Lehigh Nav stock	52	53
mort 6 pr ct	101	101½
scrip	61½	62
Morris Consol'd	—	61
preferred	110	111
Cass & Del	98	—
bonds	98	99
Union bonds	15	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
bonds, 1878	—	27

☞ Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadow of life.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been dull and drooping, and prices are 12½@25c ₱ bbl lower than last week. 6000 bbls found buyers, part for shipment, at $5,25@5,50 for mixed and straight superfine; extras at $5,62½@5,75; extra family at $5,87½@6, and 500 bbls Diamond Mills family on terms kept private. The trade have been buying moderately within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6.25@6,75 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is but little inquired for and dull, at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Penna Corn Meal is also dull but steady at $3,50 ₱ bbl. A sale of 300 puncheons Brandywine Meal was made on terms we could not learn.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat, like that of Flour, has been dull and unsettled, and prices have declined 3@5c ₱ bus since last week. The week's sales reach only about 28,000 bus, in lots, part for shipment, at $1,27@1,35 for fair to prime Western and Penna Reds, closing at $1,30@1,32 for the latter; $1,34@1,37 for Southern do, and from $1,25 to $1,45@1,50 for fair to good and prime White—the latter for choice Southern, which is scarce. Rye is also lower, and some 4000 bus sold, in lots, at 70@73c for Southern, and 75@76c for Penna. Corn has been dull and drooping, and about 25,000 bus Yellow only found buyers at 70@69c for Southern Yellow afloat, and 68@69c in the cars and in store; including some old and new mixed, at 58@65c, and new at 50@55c, as to condition. Oats opened dull and lower, but closed better, and some 23,000 bus were disposed of at 33@35c for Southern, and 34@35c for Penna; we quote at 34c for the former, and 35c for the latter. Of Barley large sales are reported at 78c for prime N York, and 85@87c for Canada, but the market is dull, Barley Malt is selling at 95@100c. Of Mill Feed we note sales of fine Shipstuff at $19,50 ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—There is very little improvement in bbld Meats, and we quote Mess Pork dull at $19,50 and city Mess Beef at $12@14 ₱ bbl. Bacon is in light stock. Hams selling as wanted at 12½@13½c, Sides 11@12½c, and Shoulders at 9@9½c, cash and short time. Of green Meats the sales are also light, the packers selling in lots as wanted at 9½@9½c for Sides, and 8½@8¾c for Shoulders, usual terms. Dressed Hogs are worth $7,50@8 the 100 ℔s. Lard is selling in a small way at 12@12½c for city packed in tcs and bbls. Prime Western is worth 13@13½c in tcs and kegs. Butter is in better demand, Roll selling more freely at 13@15c, as in quality. Packed is unchanged and dull at 10@11c. Of Cheese the sales are moderate at 10½@11½c, the latter for prime New York. Eggs are scarce, and command 30c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is unsettled and lower, the week's sales reach about 1100 bales at very irregular prices, ranging from 8 up to 12¾c, cash and time, for inferior to middling, and middling fair quality, mostly Uplands, cash and time.

BARK—The receipts continue light, and fine ground 1st No 1 Quercitron finds ready sale at $28 ₱ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is generally held above the views of buyers, who only offer 34c for good yellow.

COAL—The stock of most kinds are light for [illegible] material change since last week.

COFFEE—The stock in first hands is nearly exhausted, and the sales of the last week reach some 800 bags only; taken in small lots, at about previous rates, including Rio at 14@15c, and Laguayra at 14½@15c, on the usual terms.

COPPER—The demand for both Sheathing and Yellow Metal continues limited, and prices are unchanged.

FEATHERS are moving off in lots as wanted at 48@50c ₱ ℔, the latter for prime Western.

FRUIT is plenty and dull, with further sales of Green Apples at $1,25@2,50 ₱ bbl; dried do 3½@4c; Peaches at 6@8c for unpared, and 10@12c ₱ ℔ for pared do. Cranberries move on slowly and command $8@12 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are scarce, and on the advance, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 35@37c ₱ ℔.

IRON—There is very little doing in the way of sales, and Anthracite Pig Metal is steady but quiet, at $22,50@23 for No 1 and $21,50@22 for No 2, on time, at which rate some 600 tons have been disposed of in lots. No change in Blooms, Bars, or Rails, and a small business to note.

LEAD is quiet, and no sales have come under our notice, the stock in first hands is light.

LEATHER—The market is firm, with a light stock of heavy Sole and Slaughter to operate in, and prices are fully sustained and firm; common stock continues plenty and dull.

LUMBER—Business has been dull this week, but prices are without any quotable change. White Pine selling at $14@17, Yellow Sap $13@15, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $10@10½. Further sales of Laths are reported at $1,75@1,90 ₱ M, and Pickets at $6@7, as to size; Cypress Shingles are steady at $13@14 for 2 feet, and $20@21 for long do.

MOLASSES—The market is without any material variation, but dull, and the sales are confined to a few small lots Cuba, within the range of quotations.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering, and the market is dull at $2,62@2,75 ₱ ton, the active season being about over.

RICE is unsettled and lower, some 600 casks having been sold at 3¾@3¾c., and in a small way at 3¾@4¼c ₱ ℔, on the usual terms.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover at fully former rates, and all offered—some 4000 bus—found buyers, in lots, at $6@6,50 ₱ bus, the latter for choice seed, which is an advance. Timothy is steady with sales at $2,50@2,62½ ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is lower, and quoted at $1,58@1,60 ₱ bus, with moderate receipts and sales.

SPIRITS—Brandies continue firm and on the advance, without much doing in the way of sales. Gins—No change. New England Rum sells as wanted at 33@34c. Whiskey is unsettled and rather lower, bbls selling at about 22c for Pennsylvania; Ohio do at 22@22½c; drudge 20½@21c, and hhds at 21@21½c.

SUGARS—The market is dull, buyers taking hold in a small way only, at about previous rates; sales include Cuba at 7@7¼c, and Porto Rico at 7¼@7¾c, on time. Sales of 300 hhds of the former, however, are reported on terms kept private. The refiners have reduced their price ¼c ₱ ℔.

TALLOW is steady, with moderate sales of city at 10¾c and country at 9½@9¾c ₱ ℔.

TOBACCO—There is about the usual business to note in leaf and manufactured, without change in prices.

WOOL—The market for this staple is firm but quiet, the sales of domestic have been mostly in a small way within the range of quotations, including 35,000 ℔s fine fleece at 60c net. A large sale of Mestizo, some 246,000 ℔s was made early in the week, on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2578 head. The prices ranged from $7,50 to 9 ₱ cwt for fat, and from 3½ to 4½, live weight, for stock cattle. 5700 Sheep brought from 7½ to 9c ₱ ℔, net, and from 3½ to 4½c, live weight. About 3000 head of fat Hogs were disposed of, of which number 2123 were sold at from $7,50 to 9 ₱ cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NOV. 17.—FLOUR unsettled and decidedly lower; sales of 5500 bbls; State $5,10@5,20; Ohio $5,55@5,65; Southern $5,40@5,80. Wheat declining, nominally 2c lower. Corn is also declining; mixed 69@70c. Pork heavy. Lard dull. Whiskey dull.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ISAAC W. MASTERS, of Brownsville, Pa. to Miss SUSAN S. FADDIS, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 5th of June, near Newark, Del. by the Rev. Jas. L. Vallandigham, W. E. TURNER, of Whitehall, to ANNIE, second daughter of J. Watson Evans, Esq. of Newark.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, A. H. THOMSON, to CARRIE M. daughter of J. P. White, Esq. both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, ROBERT FARNAM, Jr. of Kansas, to Miss CADDIS A. FRYER, of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. ROBERT JOHNSON, Jr. to Miss REBECCA COX.

On the 30th ultimo, at Palmyra, New York, by the Rev. Horace Eaton, Mr. THOMAS S. BURBANK, of St. John, Louisiana, to Miss OPHELIA G. BOWMAN, of this city.

On Monday, Nov. 12th, 1860, by the Rev. Philip Brooks, of the Church of the Advent, Mr. L. R. SHERWELL, of Philadelphia, to Miss ROSA SKEURETT, of London, England.

At Chestnut Hill, Oct. 18th, 1860, by the Rev. W. B. Tolan, Mr. ANTHONY STROUSE, to Miss SUSAN E. GALANGER, of the above place.

On the 4th instant, at the residence of the bride's brother, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. GEORGE KALE, and SOPHIA A. RIGHTER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Monday, Nov. 12th, EMMA, eldest daughter of John F. Schell, in her 17th year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. JAMES S. PRINGLE, in his 47th year.

At Pottsville, on Friday, the 9th instant, Dr. GEORGE HALBERSTADT, in his 56th year.

On the 9th instant, EDWARD WRIGHT, in his 35th year.

At Snow Hill, Md. on Tuesday, the 6th instant, Mrs. ELMIRA S. SMITH, wife of George W. P. Smith, Esq. of Worcester county, and second daughter of John F. Purnell, Esq. in her 26th year.

On the 12th instant, MARY, wife of Robt. Martin, in her 50th year.

At Burlington, N. J., Nov. 12th, REBECCA MARLIN, in her 51st year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. LYDIA B. SCOTT, wife of Mr. Wm. Scott, aged 30 years.

On the 11th instant, after a short but severe illness, JOHN BRANSON, son of Thomas and Sarah Branson, in his 21st year.

On the morning, of the 10th instant, JANE, wife of Wm. Clark, in his 66th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 17, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		All bks	— dis
NEW JERSEY.		LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks	2½ dis
DELAWARE.		OHIO.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
MARYLAND.		KENTUCKY.	
Baltimore par to ½ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks ½ dis		INDIANA.	
NEW YORK.		State Bank	1 dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis		ILLINOIS.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks ½ dis		MISSOURI.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks ½ dis		TENNESSEE.	
VERMONT.		Old bks	3 dis
Solv bks ½ dis		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks ½ dis		WISCONSIN.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks ½ dis		TEXAS.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks ½ dis		IOWA.	
VIRGINIA.		State bk	1½ dis
Solv bks 1 dis		KANSAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks ½ dis		MINNESOTA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Bank St Paul	5 dis
Solv bks — dis		CANADA.	
GEORGIA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks — dis		FLORIDA.	
SOUTH CAROLINA.		State bk	— dis
Solv bks — dis			
ALABAMA.			
Solv bks — dis			

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Advertisement.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard,"

Wit and Humor.

ARKANSAS MODE OF ENJOYMENT.

The state of society in Arkansas was excessively rough several years since. We hope and believe it has improved latterly. The most frightful tragedies were enacted very frequently, yet the people seemed to think nothing of them. A dangerous cutting scrape was regarded as a rather comical affair than otherwise, as witness the following, which is substantially true: Two desperadoes met at a tavern in Helena one evening. They were named respectively, Tom Scroggs and Bill Pike. Says Scroggs:

"How's things?"

"Peart," says Pike.

"Heard you said you'd bleed me next time we met?" says Scrogga.

"That's me," said Pike, and two bowie-knives flashed fiercely forth. The fellows had carved each other pretty briskly for ten or fifteen minutes, when, as Pike's ears had been shaved off, and his abdomen been several times punctured, it suddenly occurred to him that he had enough of it, and he struck his colors.

"What's all this?" tremblingly inquired a stranger, who entered just as the fight ended.

"Oh, it's of no 'count," says the landlord, an ethereal creature of some two hundred and ten pounds weight, and with a face of barn-door proportions, "'tain't nothin'. Some of the boys have been *enjoyin' theirselves a little*, that's all. Will you hist in a little pizen, stranger?" and the genial landlord set out a black bottle, and yellow bowl of brown sugar. Curious country, that Arkansas, several years ago.—*Exchange Paper.*

EMBARRASSING ON BOTH SIDES.

It is strange what odd mistakes happen sometimes when ladies are going shopping. A nice, precise old bachelor, the very pink of politeness, and essence of dignified propriety, is the owner of the principal "dry goods" emporium of one of our large inland villages. He regards the ladies as "fearful and wonderful"—is a little afraid of them, to confess the truth, and, as the saying goes, wouldn't touch one of them with a ten foot pole. The only semblance that he tolerates is in the shape of "dummies," of which he has two or three, for the appropriate display of lace shawls, bonnets and dresses. Coming out of an inner room, the other day, in great haste, he saw, as he imagined, one of these figures standing directly in his way, and he very unceremoniously picked it up, round the waist, and swung it to one side. Conceive his feelings, when a voice from under a bonnet squeaked out—

"Here! what are you doing? I'll tell my husband!"

Unfortunately, it was a fair customer, not a lay-figure, whom he had treated so cavalierly.

"Excuse me, madam. I thought you were a dummy!" gasped the luckless mortal, retreating breathlessly towards his room, as the only practical refuge.

Imagine his horror—imagine the lady's trepidation—imagine the irrepressible giggling of the feminine shoppers who had witnessed the whole scene! Altogether, it *was* rather a disagreeable predicament for an old bachelor to get into!

An Obtuse Trespasser.—A few days ago, not far from Southwell, a wealthy farmer saw, to his great indignation, a person trespassing on a field of mowing grass; and, being one of that class who think it extremely wrong for a man to mark out a path for himself, particularly when it crosses the area of their own domain, the old gentleman hobbled after the intruder as rapidly as the gout and other infirmities would permit, and, coming up with the man, the following dialogue occurred:—Farmer: "There's no road there, sir." Trespasser: "Oh, never mind, thank you; I shall manage to find my way." Farmer: "I tell you there's no road there." Trespasser: "Oh, thank you, sir, I shall be able to get over the hedge, and 'twill be easier coming back." Farmer: "You are a confounded fool, sir; and if I had my horsewhip I'd lay it across your shoulders." Trespasser: "I tell you what, sir, if you make such a pother I'll never come this way again." Farmer: "Who on earth wants you to?" The trespasser proceeded deliberately on his way, and the farmer was compelled to admit that, for once in his lifetime, he had met his match.

Excellent Sherry.—In Boston they tell a story of a certain divine, Mr. P., who met with a certain brother divine, Mr. T., at dinner with a common friend, and observed that Mr. T., although a leading friend of temperance, made no little havoc with the sherry, which was "good at that house," as the O'Mulligan said of Mr. Perkins's champagne. A few days after, Mr. P. invited Mr. T. to dine with himself. After dinner, he offered his guest some rare old Madeira. "Thank you, Brother P.," said the friend of temperance; "since you press the wine, I'll try a glass; but I have drunk none for above six years." "Brother T.," said the host, pausing on his words, "Brother T., if we like wine, let us drink wine, giving God thanks; but let us not lie about it."

Model Verdict.—An Irishman out West, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning pile; but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut it off at the desirable moment, was blown into a million pieces.—The coroner for this occasion reasoned out this verdict: "It can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't 'visitation of God,' because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything left to breathe with; it's plain he didn't know what he was about; so I shall bring in, died for want of common sense."

☞ A Judge ignorant of grammar is very apt to pronounce incorrect *sentences*.

Power of a Big and Strange Word.—M. R. G. Mason, the lecturer on temperance, etc. tells his audience, by way of illustration, an anecdote of a certain old gardener, who, notwithstanding his strong fences and his "cautions" of "spring guns," "man traps," etc., being "laid on the premises," was continually an noyed and robbed of the fruit of his labor by a lot of young urchins, who heeded not his "notices." Setting his wits to work, the old man thought of the following, which he had printed in large characters, and nailed up in the most conspicuous spot:—"Whoever is found trespassing in this orchard shall be *spacificated*." It had the desired effect; none of the boys dare run the risk of knowing what it was to be spacificated.

A New Hampshire Epitaph.—A correspondent of the Journal sends to that paper the following epitaph, which he says he found on a tombstone in Oxford, N. H.:—

"To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew,
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and kild me quickern a wink."

STYLES OF WOMEN.

An English lady has been voyaging among the Spanish Islands, and has written a book descriptive of the women she meets—particularly at Santa Cruz, the capital at Teneriffe. It is cleverly reviewed by an English critic, and we quote a passage:—"They are pretty portraits which Mrs. Murray has given us; but one bright, brave Englishwoman, with her energy and her courage, her self-reliance and her honor, is worth the whole bevy. The marble skin and languid loveliness of the harem beauty, her glorious eyes, her matchless hair, her bewitching mouth, make her very effective as a portrait; so is the Spanish woman, with her natural flowers braided into her magnificent hair, and her dark eyes speaking so eloquently from under her arched brows. Let the palm of beauty pass; let the fair-haired English girl look pale and expressionless beside these glowing beauties; but at home, who but she bears off the prize before all women of the world? Who so neat, so hourly well appointed, so regular in her habits, so charming in her management?—who so sweet a home companion, so reliable, so truthful, so *mate-like* as she? Not the Moorish maiden, ignorant and to be protected by cage-wires and impregnable walls; nor the Spanish woman, who washes her babies on the dining-table, trails through the morning dressed like a rugged beggar, and may not go even to mass without her *duenna* and her guardian. For our own parts, we would rather pay our homage to such women as we see painted in the Academy, in scarlet petticoats, Balmoral boots, turned hats, and gauntlet-gloves, with that fearless look of honesty and daring which only exists where there is freedom, self-respect, and social esteem, than to all the lights of the harem."

A LIVING APPARITION.

The Paris correspondent of the Court Journal, in giving some particulars of the tour of the Emperor and Empress of the French through the provinces, gives currency to a rumor that the whole journey has been embittered for the Empress, by the constant apparition of a lady in black, who always presents herself before her Majesty at every station, in every crowd, and in every triumphal entry. The lady is young, as may be seen even through the folds of the heavy crape veil with which she endeavors to conceal her features. She is beautiful likewise, though pale; and it is now fully ascertained to be from her hand that the inevitable bunch of withered flowers is thrown into the Empress's carriage at almost every place where the Imperial procession has passed in state, and wherever flowers have been thrown by the joyous population. The constant recurrence of this event is said to have given great annoyance to the Empress, and to have greatly excited the nervous sensibility of the Empress. The pale shadow is always accompanied by an elderly female, in deep mourning like herself; and the apparition has become so inevitable, that the Empress is said to look round in nervous trepidation as her carriage drives through the crowd which at every place meets to greet her arrival.

Cats Free from Headache.—It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump down heights. She never seems to hurt herself, or to get giddy with the fall; she always falls on her feet, and these are so beautifully padded that they seldom or never get broken. I never knew of a cat breaking its leg from an accident, but in one instance, and that was a French cat, which fell down stairs in the most stupid manner. Why does not the cat get a headache after her deep jumps? why does she not get concussion of the brain, as a man or a dog would, if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? If we take down one of our dry cats' heads off the keeper's museum wall, and break it up, we shall see that it has a regular partition wall projecting from its sides, a good way inwards, toward the centre, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is, indeed, a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.—*Dr. Buckland.*

Water vs. Paper.—The quantity of water required in the manufacture of paper is so large as to appear almost incredible, being no less than 100 gallons for every pound of paper; or, calculating by weight, 1,000 lbs. of water to a pound of paper, whence it follows that every ton of paper requires 234,000 gallons of water; this is equal to the consumption of 11,200 persons, reckoning at 20 gallons per head. In some manufactories 5 tons of paper a day are made, which must absorb the water necessary for the supply of 56,000 persons. To manufacture 100 tons requires as much water as would be consumed by 1,120,000 souls, equal to the entire population of the city of Paris.

☞ The currants in our gardens are easily stemmed; the current of life isn't.

NEW MODE OF ATTRACTING ATTENTION.

Handsome Charley Smythe, who is accustomed to be looked at rather, cannot make out how it is that when he walks with Teddy Browne, that ugly, impudent, insignificant little wretch seems to monopolise the attention of the fair sex.

—— Teddy is impudent; there is no denying that!

VOICELESS VERSE.

The world is rife with nobler thought
Than trembles on the tongue;
The world is full of melody
Unwritten and unsung.
The music of a march is sweet,
But action is sublime,
And you may live a nobler verse
Than can be told in rhyme!

Let lyres and lutes, with tinkling breath,
To love-sick girls belong;
The rhythm of a well-spent life
Is sweeter far than song.
I'm weary of the waste of words—
Our world were not so dead
If half our bards would cease to write
And live their poems instead!

The Nautilus.—The nautilus possesses the power of descending at will to the bottom of the sea or rising to the surface. It is, therefore, very hard to capture; and though the shell itself is not uncommon; yet the animal inhabiting it had never been seen by any naturalist for more than a hundred years, until Dr. Bennett caught one in 1829, and sent it to Professor Owen, who made it the subject of his well-known monograph. Before he wrote it, he went to Paris and saw Cuvier, whom he asked if he had ever seen the animal in question. "No, sir," was the reply; "I have not seen it, and I never shall." The expression was prophetic, for when Owen had finished his monograph and sealed up a copy to send to Cuvier, the news arrived that the great anatomist was dead. It was on a calm evening in August that Dr. Bennett described his nautilus floating on the water keel uppermost, and looking like a dead tortoise-shell cat. It was in the act of sinking when the boat approached, but the shell being broken with the boat-hook, its escape was prevented.

Bills Payable Above.—Christians are taught to believe that he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord—a belief, we regret to say, not of universal acceptance. The Japaness, however, have a practical faith in the matter, as will be seen by the following:

"It is a standing law among the Japanese bonzes that he who lends them cash in this world, will receive in the next world the capital and ten per cent., at simple interest. Bills of exchange payable hereafter are duly given to the lender, who carefully preserves them; and it is not unusual for dying persons to leave especial directions as to these bills. They are generally buried with the corpse, in order that the principal and interest may be claimed in the other world, as well as to scare the evil one, who is reputed to have a very natural horror of such I. O. U's."

"Walk Your Chalks."—This is a vulgarism which I have heard addressed to one whose company is no longer desired, and who is expected to depart from your presence at once. There anciently existed in London a custom for the marshal and serjeant-chamberlain of the royal households, when in want of lodgings for the royal retinue and dependants, to send a billet and seize arbitrarily the best houses and mansions of the locality, turning out the inhabitants, and marking the house so selected with chalk. From this probably arose a saying, "You must now please to walk out, for your house is chalked;" or shorter, "You must walk, you're chalked;" or shorter still, "Walk your chalks."—*Notes and Queries.*

Living and Dying.—The late Rev. Dr. Newton was once speaking of a young lady who had recently died. A young lady immediately asked,

"Oh, sir, how did she die?"

The venerable man replied,

"There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first."

"Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?'"

"*How did she live?*" he replied.

Agricultural.

THE CATAWISSA RASPBERRY.

There can be no longer any question as to the merit of this raspberry. We have now tested it for three years, and pronounce it to be a real desideratum. It bears two crops of fruit in a season; but as many persons have other kinds which are better bearers at the time of ripening of the first crop, they combine the energies of the cane upon the second crop, which ripens late in the autumn; indeed continues to ripen from September to the first of November, should the weather not become too severe. At this writing (Nov. 1), we have upon the bushes large and perfect fruit, as highly flavored as they would be in July. Yesterday (Oct. 31), from the canes of five stools, a little basket of fine fruit was taken; and the same quantity twice a week for a few weeks.

We know of several pretty extensive growers of the Catawissa, who cut down all the canes after ceasing to bear in the fall, close to the ground. This will give strength to the new canes the ensuing season, which supplies the late crop. The early crop is taken from the wood allowed to remain over winter.—Those who prefer the two crops, must, about the middle of this month, prune the vines ready for staking in the spring, bend them carefully down to the ground and cover them with from three to six inches of earth, shaped to a point on the top. When this year's wood is removed, cover the stools with an inch or two of soil, banked up in the same way. We have found this better than any other protection against frost.

The way to propagate this raspberry, is to take up the roots, say the latter end of January or beginning of February—cut them up into inch pieces, as the eyes may indicate—plant them in a box of sand about one inch under the surface—place under glass in a hot-bed, and keep moderately moist. One old stool will produce from twelve to twenty new canes.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE USE OF FALLEN LEAVES.

Now, when the leaves have fallen from the trees, and are so abundant in the woods, it would be well to inquire what good use they can be put to. Collected and used as bedding for stock, they make excellent manure, as they absorb the liquid secretions and decay rapidly when placed in a heap, becoming a rich, black mold, the very thing in which plants love to grow. For these reasons they are preferable to straw. We would use them for bedding horses, cattle and swine; using a large proportion, the more the better, as thereby the amount of manure is increased. It is poor economy to allow such an amount of useful matter to go to waste, and farmers should draw upon the woods for aid in renewing the soil of their exhausted fields. We know of several farmers who do so to their own benefit, and the increased fertility of their farms.

In the flower garden, leaves make the best kind of covering for tender things. Frost rarely penetrates through a thick coating of them, as may be seen, during our most severe weather; by removing a bed of leaves, the ground will be found unfrozen. We will try a good many tender bulbs and perennials under a coating of leaves this season, and hope to have them all sound in the spring. It is necessary to lay brush or something else over the leaves, to hinder their blowing away by the winds.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A CONCERT BY THE COWS.

When, as it oftentimes happens, we hear the tinkle of a sheep-bell, or cow-bell on the hills, or in the woods, we are reminded of the many pleasing allusions of the British poets to this cheerful rural sound. The bells, it is true, are not generally as musical as they might be, yet they strike a pleasant chord in the heart of every one who loves the country. It has often occurred to us that if the manufacturers of these bells would make some of a superior quality of tone, not a few farmers would be glad to buy them for their herds. It would be a pleasant sound for the traveller, to hear from a distance, as the animals wended their homeward way at night, and it would gladden the ear of the proprietor and his family. We have heard a few such bells.

Within a short time, we have seen it stated that a certain English nobleman has suspended a musical bell on the neck of all his cows, each bell tuned to a different note of the scale, and the whole running through several octaves. A visitor to this farm is charmed by the music, as well as by the sleek sides of the cattle. Sometimes he hears several notes in unison, then a slight discord, and then a sweet harmony, and all varied by distance and by the rising and falling of the breeze.

Such harmonic bells will add nothing to the weight of one's butter and cheese, but they will do something just as good. They will add a charm to farm-life, and weave around it one more of those pleasing associations which serve to attach men to the country and to the culture of the soil. So, tune up a first-rate chime of bells for our herds!—*American Agriculturist.*

Animated Oats.—The animated oats—*Avena fatua*—of botanists, is a wild grass in England and Ireland, belonging to the same genus as the cultivated oat, and is a troublesome weed in grain fields. The quality that gives the seeds their popular name reside in the long twisted awns that are so extremely sensitive to moisture that they are often used for hydrometers. When placed on the ground or a table, and the amount of moisture varies from that in which they were previously placed, the awns either twist or untwist themselves, and by this means motion is given to the seed, and they will tumble about in a very surprising manner. These seeds are also sometimes used by fishermen as artificial flies for trout fishing, as they bear a close resemblance to an insect with its wings half spread.

Useful Receipts.

To Detect Copper in Pickles or Green Tea.—Put a few leaves of the tea, or some of the pickle, cut small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one-half the quantity of water. Shake the phial, when, if the most minute portion of copper is present, the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

Apple Butter.—The apples must be either all sweet or all sour. Pare, core, and cut as for drying. Boil in a little water, until they can be strained through a sieve. If sweet, add to a pint of the pulp half a pound of white sugar, of the best kind,—if sour, add to one pint a pound of the same. Then put sugar and pulp in a kettle, and cook until it is clear; put into bowls and seal up tight; seal with thin paper, rubbed with white of eggs.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Bran Cakes.—Take a sufficient quantity (say a quart) of wheat bran, boil it in two successive waters for a quarter of an hour, each time straining it through a sieve, then wash it well with cold water (on the sieve,) until the water runs off perfectly clear; squeeze the bran in a cloth as dry as you can, then spread it thinly on a dish, and place it in a slow oven; if put in at night let it remain until the morning, when, if perfectly dry and crisp, it will be fit for grinding. The bran thus prepared must be ground in a fine mill and sifted through a wire sieve of such fineness as to require the use of a brush to pass it through; that which remains in the sieve must be ground again until it becomes quite soft and fine. Take of this bran powder three ounces (some use four ounces,) the other ingredients as follows: three new-laid eggs, one ounce and a-half (or two ounces if desired) of butter, and about half a pint of milk, mix the eggs with a little of the milk, and warm the butter with the other portion; then stir the whole well together, adding a little nutmeg and ginger, or any other agreeable spice. Bake in small tins (pattipans,) which must be well buttered, in a rather quick oven for about half an hour. The cakes, when baked, should be a little thicker than a captain's biscuit; they may be eaten with meat or cheese for breakfast, dinner, and supper; at tea they require rather a free allowance of butter, or may be eaten with curd or any of the soft cheeses.

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Custards With Little Egg.—Put in a milk boiler 1 quart of milk to boil; add ¼ teaspoonful salt. Beat up 2 eggs very light; sweeten them sufficiently for the milk. When it is come to a boil, stir in the egg and sugar, let it heat a moment, then pour it into custard cups. Set these into a pan of hot water, and put in a hot oven. If you choose to add fruit, let the custards thicken a little in the oven, then take them out and put any kind of fresh fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries, &c.

Ready Pudding and Sauce.—1 pint flour; ¼ lb. butter; 1 teacup milk; 1 egg; rind of 1 lemon, grated, and juice; 1 teaspoonfull carbonate soda, 2 cream tartar. Bake half hour. To be eaten with wine sauce made thus: 2 teacups sugar dissolved in water; when dissolved add butter the size of an egg. Boil a few minutes till clear, then add 1 glass wine.

Sago Pudding.—2 tablespoonsful Sago; 4 or 6 apples; 4 tablespoonsful sugar; 1 quart water. Flavor with wine and rose water. Bake in a deep dish.

☞ It is stated that a new kind of silk, of a coarse quality, but strong and abundant, is being obtained in France from a worm which thrives in the Japanese acacia; a free-growing tree, said to be well adapted for the south of England.

☞ Some men can never hold their own in conversation except by holding their own—tongues.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 5, 11, 1, 19, 20, 25, was a Pope of Rome who had fifteen successors of the same name.
My 2, 12, 13, was a high priest of Israel for forty years.
My 3, 11, 19, 8, 21, 20, was a ruler of Russia in 1584.
My 4, 12, 19, 20, 27, 8, 17, was the name given to a country in 1513 by the Spaniards.
My 5, 19, 14, 15, 10, 18, was a sovereign of France, surnamed "the Usurper."
My 6, 9, 18, 27, 12, 24, was a Hun called the "scourge of God.
My 7, 13, 1, 6, was a town near which the Poles conquered the Turks in 1673.
My 8, 13, 4, 19, was a sister of Pygmalion, and the founder of Carthage.
My 9, 20, 21, 25, was a city founded by Scamander.
My 10, 11, 16, 19, was a beautiful woman of Sestos, in Thrace.
My 11, 8, 16, 2, 8, was a brave, but superstitious Saxon.
My 12, 19, 26, was a nephew of Abraham, whom he delivered from the pillagers of Sodom.
My 13, 19, was a maiden worshipped as a goddess by the Egyptians.
My 14, 24, 14, 15, 12, was a tower erected on a fertile plain on the Euphrates.
My 15, 16, 27, 2, was the scene of a great American naval victory.
My 16, 10, 12, 22, 2, was one of the first settlers of Virginia.
My 17, 12, 18, 24, 23, was a Saracen caliph in the tenth century.
My 18, 19, 13, 24, was a Jewish law-giver who judged 23 years.
My 19, 26, 10, 21, was a German sovereign who defeated the Saracens in Italy.
My 20, 24, 10, 12, was a British officer in the American Revolution.
My 21, 7, 25, 26, 10, 13, 24, was a Queen of the Amazons.
My 22, 5, 25, was a colonel of a regiment organized in Virginia in 1754.
My 23, 25, 8, 16, 24, was a monster killed by Hercules in the Lake of Lerna.
My 24, 12, 13, was a brave and virtuous caliph of Arabia.
My 25, 12, 16, 15, is a noted college in the United States, founded 1701.
My 26, 25, 5, 11, was an ancient kingdom.
My 27, 9, 17, 12, 26, is a country in Europe which was made a Republic B. C. 509.

My whole is one of the most distinguished Generals now living. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fair and noble youth was he,
Endowed with genius rich and rare,
The highest point of earthly fame
To him already seemed quite near.

He stood before a drinking shop,
The tempter said, "Come, slake your thirst."
Ah! how much better had it been
If he'd not gone to my first.

He listened to the tempter's voice,
And drank; and when with vain
Regret his guilty heart was filled,
Off from his lips my second came.

Soon he in his downward course
Became a drunkard and a sot;
His fortune, too, soon flew away—
Even my third he now had not.

In a dungeon, for some bloody crime,
Strongly secured by bar and grate,
He knows that he is not my whole,
And must his awful doom await.

Warren, Vermont. HARP.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boy's nickname.
The wife of Neptune.
One of the divisions of Europe.
A city in China.
A city in Venice.
A name of Bacchus.
A city in England.
A city in Kentucky.
A lake in North America.

The finals form one of the United States, and the capitals its capital. E. E. P.

Bunker Hill, Illinois.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a large hawk was 154 miles north of Philadelphia, an eagle 366 miles south of Philadelphia, and a pigeon at Philadelphia. They all commenced flying at the same time; the pigeon flew directly East, and the hawk and eagle both flew directly towards the pigeon continually. The hawk flew at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and the eagle flew at the rate of 70 miles an hour, and they both caught the pigeon at the same instant. Required—the nature of the curves described by the hawk and eagle; the hourly speed of the pigeon, and the distance each had flown when the pigeon was caught.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

In what way can wedlock be compared to birdcages? Ans.—The birds without peck to get in, and those within sometimes peck to get out.

☞ Why should a falsehood be considered good authority? Ans.—Because it can be *relied* on.

☞ Why is anything reconsidered, accounted "profitable?" Ans.—Because it is considered a-gain.

☞ Why are bachelors like criminals? Ans.—They hate to go to court.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—The visit of the Prince of Wales to America. RIDDLE—"Root, hog, or die. CHARADE—Larkspur.

☞ Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, published October 6th.—3497.1112 cubic inches.

DAVID WICKERSHAM, *Clinton Co., O.*

☞ Answer to J. W. Smith's PROBLEM, published October 27th.—The dog runs 14.4164 rods; the deer runs 8.9443 rods—T. L. M., *Sharpsburg, Allegheny Co., Pa.* J. F. H., *Manordale, Pa.*, gives, deer, 8.944 rods: greyhound, 13.416.